973 B77
CStac
3 5086 00080 6487

HISTORICAL READER FOR SCHOOLS

BRITAIN AND HARRIS

[redacted]
Property of
[redacted] SCHOOL
[redacted]
173
B77

CHADRON (NE) STATE COLLEGE
973 B77
CStac
4607544

SELECTIONS FROM

AMERICAN ORATIONS

AN HISTORICAL READER FOR SCHOOLS

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

HORACE L. BRITTAIN

AND

JAMES G. HARRIS

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

973
B77
U.S. History
Oratory

Copyright, 1911, by
HORACE L. BRITTAIN and JAMES G. HARRIS.
Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

AMERICAN ORATORY.
W. P. I

PREFACE

The compilers of this volume have long felt that declamation should receive more attention in the upper grammar grades and in the first year of the high school than has been the custom in recent years. Much of the declamation of fifty years ago was no doubt ridiculous, but the old schoolmaster who gave too high a place to the subject was nearer right than the new schoolmaster who eliminates it almost entirely. Oratory is the natural gift of many primitive races; and the boy is rare who does not at some time in his career aspire to be an orator. Oratory is almost, if not quite, an instinct. If this natural impulse is not utilized at the period when it is in the ascendant, there is a distinct pedagogical loss. Such neglect might lead in some cases to the arrest of the development of a valuable talent. In all cases it would deprive the teacher of a valuable aid in bringing a secondary interest to the study of history and literature.

The chief mistakes in teaching declamation in the past have been caused by the choice of improper selections. These have been chosen largely on account of their rhetorical character, without paying sufficient attention to their intrinsic value or significance. Again, little thought has been given to the question whether any given selection was suitable to the child's stage of development. The compilers have felt that the choice of significant selections would be made easier if the

1420

study of declamation were to be taken up in connection with history. Our present histories give sufficient instruction as to what our ancestors did and thought, but give a very inadequate idea of what they felt. This is one reason why so many school histories are uninteresting to the children. Interest is at bottom not a matter of cognition or volition but of the feelings. The chief appeal of all art is to the feeling life; but no art appeals so directly to the emotions as does eloquence. From the oratory of different periods of American history, and from this alone, can the child gain a conception at all adequate of the feelings and emotions which were dynamic in the history of their country.

It was not logic alone which brought about the Revolution. Only the mighty emotions of the period can explain it. The child can understand the Revolution only in so far as he can enter into the feelings of the men of '76. This the oratory of the period will enable him to do. To repeat the burning words of the fathers of the Revolution, and accompany the words with suitable gesture, will awaken in the breast of the child some of the fervent feelings of the patriot. Feeling always kindles interest, and interest awakens the imagination. Thus the child will be enabled to live over again the nation's history. He will tend to become united to the nation not only by community of thought, but by what is far more powerful, community of feeling. In other words, the tendency will be to socialize the pupil. Thus will the true aim of history teaching be realized, for in the elementary school the social and moral ends must predominate.

In order that the work in history and that in declamation should be correlated, care has been taken to choose such pieces as are of historic significance, either because they illustrate the feelings and thoughts of a certain period, or because they were influential in shaping the policy of the nation. For the same reason, the selections have been arranged in chronological order.

The value of the volume as a historical supplementary reader is enhanced by the notes, which aim to explain historical and literary allusions. It is hoped that the biographical notes, also, will be found valuable in enabling the pupil to realize to himself the personality of each orator.

In most cases the selections given here are but extracts from the original speeches. These extracts are often abridged within their own limits.

Most of the speeches are to be found in full in larger collections, which are readily obtainable at any public library. If possible, the school should possess some such collection, so that the pupils may easily become familiar with the various settings of their declamations.

The selections may be regarded also as a series of samples of oratory at different periods. The history textbooks contain illustrations of the warlike, commercial, and industrial activities of the nation. This little book will perform a similar service for oratory. It may be regarded as a very incomplete oratorical source book. This feature should make it particularly valuable in the English departments of high schools.

An effort has been made to choose selections which would not be beyond the intelligence of children of the upper grammar grades. The teacher must judge for

himself which selections are suitable for declamation, and which are of value as illustrative material only. All the material will be found available for high school use.

The compilers hope that this volume may be of value as a declamation book and as a historical supplementary reader.

Horace L. Brittain.
James G. Harris.

CONTENTS

	AUTHOR	DATE	PAGE
Prologue	*Daniel Webster*	1826	11
Writs of Assistance	*James Otis*	1761	13
Standing Armies	*Joseph Warren*	1772	15
To Lord Dunmore	*John Logan*	1774	18
Give me Liberty or give me Death	*Patrick Henry*	1775	19
To the Government of George III.	*Joseph Brant*	1776	24
American Independence	*Samuel Adams*	1776	27
On the Federal Constitution	*Benjamin Franklin*	1787	30
On the Federal Constitution	*Alexander Hamilton*	1788	33
First Inaugural Address	*George Washington*	1789	37
Farewell Address	*George Washington*	1796	40
What is Patriotism?	*Fisher Ames*	1796	43
Democratic Government	*John Adams*	1797	45
Eulogy on George Washington	*Henry Lee*	1799	48
Eulogy on Alexander Hamilton	*Gouverneur Morris*	1804	50
In Defense of the Indian's Religion	*Red Jacket*	1805	53
To Governor Harrison	*Tecumseh*	1810	55
War with Great Britain	*A New England Farmer*	1812	57
The War of 1812	*Henry Clay*	1813	59
To General Proctor	*Tecumseh*	1813	62
An Estimate of Washington	*Thomas Jefferson*	1814	64
Suffering Greece	*Henry Clay*	1824	67
The Fiftieth Anniversary of Bunker Hill	*Daniel Webster*	1825	69
The Passing of the Indian	*Charles Sprague*	1825	73
The War must go On	*Daniel Webster*	1826	75
The Heroes of the Revolution	*Edward Everett*	1826	79
Union	*Daniel Webster*	1830	83
The Union	*Cassius M. Clay*	1837	86
Against National Enmity	*Rufus Choate*	1844	88
The Spirit of American Freedom	*Cassius M. Clay*	1846	93

	AUTHOR	DATE	PAGE
A Plea for Mexico	*Thomas Corwin*	1847	96
Aid for Ireland	*Sargent S. Prentiss*	1847	99
The Empire State	*Peter Wilson*	1847	101
The Sword of Washington! The Staff of Franklin!	*John Quincy Adams*	1848	103
The Tyrant and the Patriot	*William H. Seward*	1848	106
How can the Union be Preserved?	*John C. Calhoun*	1850	111
Free Kansas	*Charles Sumner*	1856	115
The Assault on Sumner	*Anson Burlingame*	1856	118
In Defense of the Attack on Sumner	*Preston S. Brooks*	1856	121
Speech to the Court	*John Brown*	1859	124
The Enfranchisement of the Negro	*Stephen A. Douglas*	1858	127
Let the Oppressed go Free	*William Lloyd Garrison*	1859	131
On Withdrawing from the Union	*Jefferson Davis*	1861	134
Popular Government	*Abraham Lincoln*	1861	138
The Necessity of Union	*Stephen A. Douglas*	1861	142
The National Flag	*Edward D. Baker*	1861	143
The Stars and Stripes	*Robert C. Winthrop*	1861	145
Liberty throughout all the Land	*Wendell Phillips*	1861	147
Government of the People, by the People, for the People	*Abraham Lincoln*	1863	151
Grant's Farewell	*Ulysses S. Grant*	1865	152
The Returning Legions	*T. De Witt Talmage*	1865	154
A Just and Lasting Peace	*Abraham Lincoln*	1865	156
Behold our Flag	*Henry Ward Beecher*	1865	159
Abraham Lincoln	*Phillips Brooks*	1865	161
The Death of Lincoln	*Henry Ward Beecher*	1865	164
Gettysburg	*Charles Francis Adams*	1869	167
Woman's Right to the Suffrage	*Susan B. Anthony*	1873	171
Eulogy on Charles Sumner	*Carl Schurz*	1874	174
Great Sons of Massachusetts	*George F. Hoar*	1876	178
Grant for a Third Term	*Roscoe Conkling*	1880	185
Sherman for President	*James A. Garfield*	1880	188
The Death of President Garfield	*James G. Blaine*	1882	191
The Hero of the Civil War	*John D. Long*	1882	194
The Future of the United States	*Joseph Cook*	1884	197

	AUTHOR	DATE	PAGE
Eulogy on Grant	*T. W. Higginson*	1885	200
The New South to New England	*Henry W. Grady*	1886	205
The Torch of Liberty	*Chauncey M. Depew*	1886	209
True Patriotism	*Benjamin Harrison*	1889	212
The Pilgrims	*W. C. P. Breckenridge*	1889	214
Humanity and God	*Frances E. Willard*	1890	218
Tribute to John Boyle O'Reilly	*Patrick A. Collins*	1890	220
A Southern Tribute to Grant	*Henry Watterson*	1891	223
Ever Present Opportunity	*Booker T. Washington*	1895	225
Student Heroes	*Charles W. Eliot.*	1898	229
In Memory of Stephen Girard	*Thomas B. Reed*	1898	232
The Republic	*William J. Bryan*	1900	235
Lessons from the Life of McKinley	*Grover Cleveland*	1901	237
The Period of Exclusiveness is Past	*William McKinley*	1901	240
Justice for the Filipinos	*George F. Hoar*	1902	243
Romance of American History	*Henry Cabot Lodge*	1903	246
American Motherhood	*Theodore Roosevelt*	1905	250
The Problems of the Republic	*Theodore Roosevelt*	1905	252
Intellectual and Spiritual Pioneers	*W. H. P. Faunce*	1908	254
Patriotism	*Archbishop O'Connell*	1910	257

Index of Authors 261

Index of Principal Subjects 264

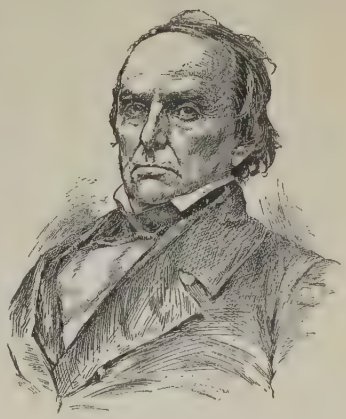
AMERICAN ORATORY

PROLOGUE[1]

DANIEL WEBSTER

(1826)

Daniel Webster (1782–1852), statesman and orator, was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire. He was educated at Dartmouth College, taught school, and studied law. He served several terms in the national House of Representatives, and was three times elected United States senator from Massachusetts. During the first term as senator he made his historical argument and reply to Senator Hayne of South Carolina against nullification. He was secretary of state under the first President Harrison, and also under President Fillmore.



True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

[1] From an oration on Adams and Jefferson delivered at Faneuil Hall, Boston, 1826.

Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, to his object, — this, this, is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than eloquence; it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

WRITS OF ASSISTANCE[1]

JAMES OTIS

(1761)

James Otis (1725–1783), orator and patriot, was born at West Barnstable, Massachusetts. He graduated from Harvard College in 1743; was admitted to the Bar and began practice in Plymouth. He removed to Boston and was elected to the Massachusetts legislature, serving several terms. He participated in the battle of Bunker Hill. He was killed by lightning.

May it please your honors: I was desired by one of the court to look into the books, and consider the question now before them concerning writs of assistance. I have, accordingly, considered it, and now appear not only in obedience to your order, but likewise in behalf of the inhabitants of this town, who have presented another petition, and out of regard to the liberties of the subject. And I take this opportunity to declare that, whether under a fee or not (for in such a cause as this I despise a fee), I will to my dying day oppose with all the powers and faculties God has given me all such instruments of slavery on the one hand, and villainy on the other, as this writ of assistance is.

It appears to me the worst instrument of arbitrary power, the most destructive of English liberty and the fundamental principles of law that ever was found in an English law book. I must, therefore, beg your honors'

[1] From an argument delivered before the Superior Court in Boston, February, 1761. In this oration American independence was born.

patience and attention to the whole range of argument, that may, perhaps, appear uncommon in many things, as well as to points of learning that are more remote and unusual: that the whole tendency of my design may the more easily be perceived, the conclusions better descend, and the force of them be better felt.

I shall not think much of my pains in this cause, as I engaged in it from principle. I was solicited to argue this cause as Advocate General; and because I would not, I have been charged with desertion from my office. To this charge I can give a very sufficient answer. I renounced that office, and I argue this cause from the same principle; and I argue it with the greater pleasure, as it is in favor of British liberty, at a time when we hear the greatest monarch [1] upon earth declaring from his throne that he glories in the name of Briton, and that the privileges of his people are dearer to him than the most valuable prerogatives of his crown; and as it is in opposition to a kind of power, the exercise of which, in former periods of history, cost one king [2] of England his head and another [3] his throne. I have taken more pains in this cause than I ever will take again, although my engaging in this and another popular cause has raised much resentment. But I think I can sincerely declare, that I cheerfully submit myself to every odious name for conscience' sake; and from my soul I despise all those whose guilt, malice, or folly has made them my foes. Let the consequences be what they will, I am determined to proceed. The only principles of public conduct, that are worthy of a gentleman or a man, are to sacrifice estate, ease, health,

[1] George III, king of Great Britain. [2] Charles I. [3] James II.

and applause, and even life, to the sacred calls of his country.

These manly sentiments, in private life, make the good citizen; in public life, the patriot and the hero. I do not say that when brought to the test, I shall be invincible. I pray God I may never be brought to the melancholy trial; but if ever I should, it will be then known how far I can reduce to practice principles which I know to be founded on truth.

STANDING ARMIES[1]

JOSEPH WARREN
(1772)

Joseph Warren (1741–1775), patriot, was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts. He graduated from Harvard College, and afterwards studied medicine and practiced in Boston. In March, 1772, he delivered the Anniversary Oration on the "Boston Massacre." In October, 1774, he was appointed chairman of the Committee of Safety. On the eighteenth of April, 1775, he dispatched William Dawes and Paul Revere to Lexington and Concord, to warn the patriots of the arrival of the British troops. He was appointed major-general of Massachusetts troops, but served as a volunteer in the battle of Bunker Hill, where he was wounded in the head by a musket ball, and while lying in the trenches was bayoneted and killed by a British soldier.

The ruinous consequences of standing armies to free communities may be seen in the histories of Syracuse,[2] Rome,[3] and many other once flourishing states, some of

[1] From an oration delivered in the Old South Church, Boston, on the second anniversary of the Boston massacre.

[2] A populous city in Sicily, long under the rule of tyrants.

[3] Rome ruled the world for centuries through her standing armies.

which have now scarce a name! Their baneful influence is most suddenly felt when they are placed in populous cities; for, by a corruption of morals, the public happiness is immediately affected! and that this is one of the effects of quartering troops in populous cities is a truth to which many a mourning parent, many a lost, despairing child, in this metropolis, must bear a very melancholy testimony. Soldiers are also taught to consider arms as the only arbiters by which every dispute is to be decided between contending states; they are instructed implicitly to obey their commanders without inquiring into the justice of the cause they are engaged to support; hence it is that they ever are to be dreaded as the ready engines of tyranny and oppression. And it is, too, observable that they are prone to introduce the same mode of decision in the disputes of individuals, and from thence have often arisen great animosity between them and the inhabitants, who, whilst in a naked defenseless state, are frequently insulted and abused by an armed soldiery.

And this will be more especially the case when the troops are informed that the intention of their being stationed in any city is to overawe the inhabitants. That this was the avowed design of stationing an armed force in this town is sufficiently known; and we, my fellow citizens, have seen, we have felt, the tragical effect! The fatal fifth of March, 1770,[1] can never be forgotten. The horrors of that dreadful night are but too deeply impressed on our hearts.

Language is too feeble to paint the emotion of our souls when our streets were stained with the blood of

[1] The date of the Boston massacre.

our brethren — when our ears were wounded by the groans of the dying, and our eyes were tormented with the sight of the mangled bodies of the dead. When we beheld the authors of our distress parading in our streets or drawn up in a regular battalia, as though in a hostile city, our hearts beat to arms; we snatched our weapons, almost resolved by one decisive stroke to avenge the death of our slaughtered brethren and to secure from future danger all that we held most dear; but propitious heaven forbade the bloody carnage and saved the threatened victims of our too keen resentment, not by their discipline, not by their regular array — no, it was royal George's[1] livery that proved their shield — it was that which turned the pointed engines of destruction from their breasts. The thoughts of vengeance were soon buried in our inbred affection to Great Britain, and calm reason dictated a method of removing the troops more mild than an immediate resource to the sword. With united efforts you urged the immediate departure of the troops from the town; you urged it, with a resolution which insured success; you obtained your wishes, and the removal of the troops was effected without one drop of their blood being shed by the inhabitants.

[1] George III.

TO LORD DUNMORE[1]

LOGAN

(1774)

JOHN LOGAN (1725–1780) was a famous Indian chief. He was a Cayuga by birth, but later became a chief of the Mingoes. His real name was Tahgahjute, and the English name of Logan was given to him in honor of James Logan, secretary to William Penn. Until 1774, chief Logan was very friendly to the whites, but in that year nearly his whole family was murdered by a band of backwoodsmen led by the keeper of a whisky shop. Frenzied by this outrage, he incited the Indians to war. He himself took over thirty scalps. He refused to sue for peace, along with the other chiefs, and sent instead his famous address to Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia.

I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed at me as they passed, and said: "Logan is the friend of white men."

I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap,[2] the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature.

[1] From an address to Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, composed by Logan, but delivered by John Gibson, a trader.

[2] Colonel Michael Cresap was not really guilty of the murder.

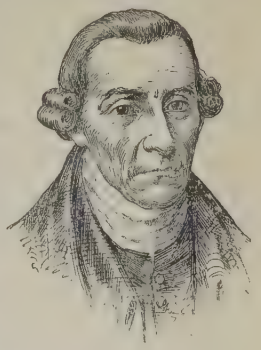
This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not think that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. Logan will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!

GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH[1]

PATRICK HENRY

(1775)

Patrick Henry (1736–1799), statesman, was born in Virginia. His early education was received from his father. At eighteen years of age he established a country store, which was unsuccessful. He then took up the study of law, and was admitted to practice in the General Court. He was a delegate to the Virginia Convention; he was also a delegate to the Continental Congress, 1774 to 1776. He served eight years as governor of Virginia, declining a renomination. He also declined an appointment as United States senator, offered him by Governor Lee, the appointment of secretary of state in the president's cabinet, an appointment as chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the ambassadorship to France, offered him by President Adams.



Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes

[1] An extract from a speech delivered in St. John's church, Virginia, in 1775. The speech was in support of a resolution before the Virginia Convention to put that colony into a state of defense against the mother country.

against a painful truth, and listen to the song of the siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years [1] to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation?

Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other

[1] The Stamp Act was passed in 1765.

possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing.

We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so

long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantoms of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible to any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battle alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable. And let it come! I repeat, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace — but there is no peace.[1]

[1] Compare Jeremiah vi. 14; viii. 11.

The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we idle here? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

TO THE GOVERNMENT OF GEORGE III[1]

JOSEPH BRANT

(1776)

Joseph Brant (1742–1807) was a Mohawk chief. He was educated at Wheelock's Indian School, Lebanon, Connecticut, which later grew into Dartmouth College. He fought in the British army in the war of the Revolution, and at its close used his influence to preserve peace between the various Indian tribes and the whites. A statue erected to his memory was unveiled at Brantford, Canada, October 13, 1886.

We have crossed the great lake and come to this kingdom with our superintendent, Colonel Johnson,[2] from our confederacy of the Six Nations and their allies, that we might see our father, the great king, and join in informing him, his counselors, and wise men, of the good intentions of the Indians, our brothers, and of their attachment to his Majesty and his government.

Brother, the disturbances in America give great trouble to all our nations, and many strange stories have been told to us by the people of that country. The Six Nations,[3] who always loved the king, sent a number of their chiefs and warriors with their superintendent to Canada last summer, where they engaged

[1] From an address delivered in London before the Secretary of State, claiming compensation for lands in the valleys of the Mohawk and the Susquehanna. The secretary promised redress on condition that the Indians should help the British in the war with the colonies. Brant had been secretary to Sir William Johnson. He translated parts of the New Testament into the Mohawk language.

[2] Colonel Guy Johnson, son-in-law of Sir William Johnson, and his successor as superintendent of Indian affairs.

[3] The Iroquois.

their allies to join with them in the defense of that country, and when it was invaded by the New England people, they alone defeated them.[1]

Brother, in that engagement we had several of our best warriors killed and wounded, and the Indians think it very hard they should have been so deceived by the white people in that country; many returning in great numbers, and no white people supporting the Indians, they were obliged to return to their villages and sit still. We now, brother, hope to see these bad children chastised, and that we may be enabled to tell the Indians, who have always been faithful and ready to assist the king, what his Majesty intends.

Brother, the Mohawks, our particular nation, have on all occasions shown their zeal and loyalty to the great king; yet the city of Albany, laying an unjust claim to the lands on which our lower castle [2] is built, as one Klock, and others do to those of Canajoharien, our upper village. We have often been assured by our late great friend, Sir William Johnson,[3] who never deceived us, and we know he was told so, that the king and wise men here would do us justice. But this, notwithstanding all our applications, has never been done, and it makes us very uneasy. We also feel for the dis-

[1] At the Battle of the Cedars, near Montreal, the British, largely through their allies, the Indians, captured Ethan Allen, who was sent to England as a prisoner.

[2] At Fort Hunter.

[3] Sir William Johnson (1715–1774) was the greatest of Indian commissioners of colonial times. One of his exploits in the French and Indian war was his defeat of Baron Dieskau at Lake George. Molly Brant, a sister of Sachem Joseph Brant, the author of this address, was Sir William's common-law wife.

tress in which our brothers on the Susquehanna are likely to be involved by a mistake made in the boundary we settled in 1768. This also our superintendent has laid before the king. We have only, therefore, to request that his Majesty will attend to this matter; it troubles our nation, and they cannot sleep easy in their beds. Indeed, it is very hard, when we have let the king's subjects have so much land for so little value, they should want to cheat us in this manner of the small spots we have left for our women and children to live on. We are tired out in making complaints and getting no redress. We therefore hope that the assurances now given us by the superintendent may take place, and that he may have it in his power to procure us justice.

We shall truly report all that we hear from you to the Six Nations on our return. We are well informed there have been many Indians in this country who came without any authority from their own, and gave us much trouble. We desire to tell you, brother, that this is not our case. We are warriors known to all the nations, and are now here by approbation of many of them, whose sentiments we speak.

Brother, we hope that these things will be considered, and that the king or his great men will give us such answer as will make our hearts light and glad before we go, and strengthen our hands, so that we may join Superintendent Colonel Johnson, in giving satisfaction to all our nations when we report to them on our return, for which purpose we hope soon to be accommodated with the passage.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE[1]

SAMUEL ADAMS

(1776)

Samuel Adams (1722–1803) was born at Boston, Massachusetts. After graduating from Harvard College, he entered upon a business career. He was a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and the first man to publicly advocate American independence. He was one of the framers of the state constitution of Massachusetts, afterward serving three terms as governor of the state. He died at Boston.

Other nations have received their laws from conquerors; some are indebted for a constitution to the suffering of their ancestors through revolving centuries. The people of this country, alone, have formally and deliberately chosen a government for themselves, and with open and uninfluenced consent bound themselves into a social compact. Here, no man proclaims his birth or wealth as a title to honorable distinction, or to sanctify ignorance and vice with the name of hereditary authority. He who has most zeal and ability to promote public felicity, let him be the servant of the public. This is the only line of distinction drawn by nature. Leave the bird of night to the obscurity for which nature intended him, and expect only from the eagle to brush the clouds with his wings, and look boldly in the face of the sun.

[1] From an address delivered at the State House in Philadelphia in 1776.

If there is any man so base or so weak as to prefer a dependence on Great Britain to the dignity and happiness of living a member of a free and independent nation, let me tell him that necessity now demands what the generous principle of patriotism should have dictated.

We have no other alternative than independence, or the most ignominious and galling servitude. The legions of our enemies thicken on our plains; desolation and death mark their bloody career; whilst the mangled corpses of our countrymen seem to cry out to us as a voice from heaven.

Our Union is now complete; our Constitution composed, established, and approved. You are now the guardians of your own liberties. We may justly address you as the Decemviri [1] did the Romans, and say: "Nothing that we propose can pass into a law without your consent. Be yourselves, O Americans, the authors of those laws on which your happiness depends."

You have now in the field armies sufficient to repel the whole force of your enemies and their base and mercenary auxiliaries. The hearts of your soldiers beat high with the spirit of freedom — they are animated with the justice of their cause, and while they grasp their swords, can look up to Heaven for assistance. Your adversaries are composed of wretches who laugh at the rights of humanity, who turn religion into derision, and would, for higher wages, direct their swords against the leaders of their country. Go on, then, in your generous enterprise, with gratitude to

[1] The ten appointed by the Roman Republic to codify and publish the Roman Law. (451–450 B.C.)

Heaven for past success, and confidence of it in the future. For my own part, I ask no greater blessing than to share with you the common danger and common glory. If I have a wish dearer to my soul than that my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren [1] and Montgomery,[2] it is that these American States may never cease to be free and independent.

[1] General Warren, who was killed at Bunker Hill. See biographical note, page 15.

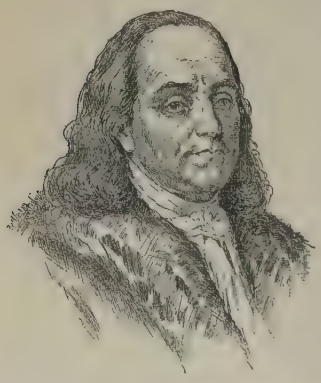
[2] General Richard Montgomery (1736–1775) was born in Ireland. He fought under Wolfe, and later settled and married in America. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he was appointed brigadier general. He captured Montreal in 1775, but was killed during an assault on Quebec in the same year.

ON THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION[1]

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(1787)

Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790) was born at Boston, Massachusetts. He learned the printer's trade, and established himself at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, United States minister to France, a delegate to the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, and governor of Pennsylvania from 1785 to 1788. He published "Poor Richard's Almanac," several works on electricity, and numerous political pamphlets. He died at Philadelphia.



I confess that I do not entirely approve of this Constitution at present; but, sir, I am not sure I shall never approve of it; for, having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged, by better information or fuller consideration, to change opinions, even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. It is therefore that, the older I grow, the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment of others. Most men, indeed, as well as most sects in religion, think themselves in possession of all truth, and that wherever others differ from them, it is so far error. But, though many private persons think

[1] From a speech delivered before the Constitutional Convention which met in Philadelphia, 1787.

almost as highly of their infallibility as of that of their sect, few express it so naturally as a certain French lady, who, in a little dispute with her sister, said, "But I meet with nobody but myself that is always in the right."

In these sentiments, sir, I agree to this Constitution, with all its faults, — if they are such, — because I think a general government necessary for us, and there is no form of government but what may be a blessing to the people if well administered; and I believe, further, that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other. I doubt, too, whether any other convention we can obtain may be able to make a better Constitution; for, when you assemble a number of men, to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected?

It therefore astonishes me, sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does; and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are waiting with confidence to hear that our counsels are confounded like those of the builders of Babel, and that our States are on the point of separation, only to meet hereafter for the purpose of cutting one another's throats. Thus I consent, sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the

public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die.

If every one of us, returning to our constituents, were to report the objections he had to it, and endeavor to gain partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects and great advantages resulting naturally in our favor among foreign nations, as well as among ourselves, from our real or apparent unanimity. Much of the strength and efficiency of any government, in procuring and securing happiness to the people, depends on opinion, on the general opinion of the goodness of that government, as well as the wisdom and integrity of its governors. I hope, therefore, for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of our posterity, that we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this Constitution wherever our influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavors to the means of having it well administered.

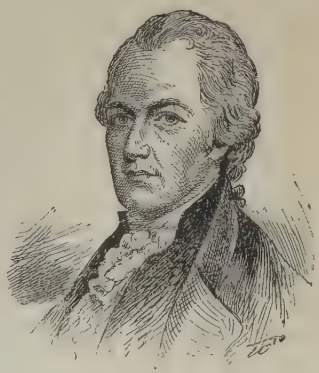
On the whole, sir, I cannot help expressing a wish that every member of the convention who may still have objections to it, would, with me on this occasion, doubt a little of his own infallibility, and, to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument.

ON THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION[1]

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

(1788)

Alexander Hamilton (1757–1804), statesman, was born in Nevis, an island of the West Indies. His mother dying while he was a child, he was sent to Santa Cruz to her relatives, where, at the age of twelve, he became a clerk in a counting house. Upon evincing some literary talent, he was sent to New Jersey to attend school, later entering King's (now Columbia) College. He soon began to attract attention by his speeches, pamphlets, and articles on political affairs. He served with honor in Washington's army. Leaving the army, he studied law, and became a member of Congress. He was the first Secretary of the United States Treasury, and occupied several other positions of importance. He was challenged to a duel by Aaron Burr, who blamed Hamilton for his defeat as candidate for the governorship of New York. Hamilton did not fire at his opponent, but Burr's first shot proved mortal.



There are certain social principles in human nature from which we may draw the most solid conclusions with respect to the conduct of individuals and of communities. We love our families more than our neighbors; we love our neighbors more than our countrymen in general. The human affections, like the solar heat, lose their intensity as they depart from the center,

[1] From an address delivered before the New York Convention, called to pass upon the proposed Constitution of the United States.

and become languid in proportion to the expansion of the circle on which they act. On these principles, the attachment of the individual will be first and forever secured by the State governments; they will be a mutual protection and support. Another source of influence, which has already been pointed out, is the various official connections in the States. Gentlemen endeavor to evade the force of this by saying that these offices will be insignificant. This is by no means true. The State officers will ever be important, because they are necessary and useful. Their powers are such as are extremely interesting to the people, such as affect their property, their liberty, and life. What is more important than the administration of justice and the execution of the civil and criminal laws? Can the State governments become insignificant while they have the power of raising money independently and without control? If they are really useful, if they are calculated to promote the essential interests of the people, they must have their confidence and support. The States can never lose their powers till the whole people of America are robbed of their liberties. These must go together; they must support each other, or meet one common fate. On the gentleman's principle, we may safely trust the State governments, though we have no means of resisting them; but we cannot confide in the national government, though we have an effectual constitutional guard against every encroachment. This is the essence of their argument, and it is false and fallacious beyond conception.

With regard to the jurisdiction of the two governments, I shall certainly admit that the Constitution

ought to be so formed as not to prevent the States from providing for their own existence; and I maintain that it is so formed, and that their power of providing for themselves is sufficiently established. This is conceded by one gentleman, and in the next breath the concession is retracted. He says Congress has but one exclusive right to taxation — that of duties on imports; certainly, then, its other powers are only concurrent. But to take off the force of this obvious conclusion, he immediately says that the laws of the United States are supreme, and that where there is one supreme there cannot be a concurrent authority; and further, that where the laws of the Union are supreme, those of the States must be subordinate, because there cannot be two supremes.

This is a curious sophistry. That two supreme powers cannot act together is false. They are inconsistent only when they are aimed at each other, or at one individual object. The laws of the United States are supreme as to all their proper constitutional objects; the laws of the States are supreme in the same way. These supreme laws may act on different objects without clashing, or they may operate on different parts of the same common object with perfect harmony. Suppose both governments should lay a tax of a penny on a certain article; has not each an independent and uncontrollable power to collect its own tax? The meaning of the maxim, there cannot be two supremes, is simply this: two powers cannot be supreme over each other. This meaning is entirely perverted by the gentleman. But, it is said, disputes between collectors are to be referred to the federal courts. This is again wandering in the field of

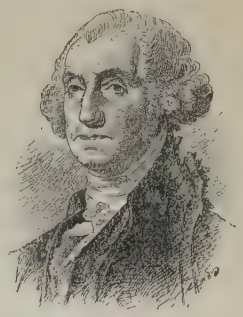
conjecture. But suppose the fact certain; is it not to be presumed that they will express the true meaning of the Constitution and the laws? Will they not be bound to consider the concurrent jurisdiction, to declare that both the taxes shall have equal operation, that both the powers, in that respect, are sovereign and co-extensive? If they transgress their duty, we are to hope that they will be punished. Sir, we can reason from probabilities alone. When we leave common sense, and give ourselves up to conjecture, there can be no certainty, no security, in our reasoning.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS[1]

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(1789)

George Washington (1732–1799) was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia. He was educated chiefly by a private tutor; became a land surveyor; entered the military service of Virginia. He was a member of the colonial House of Burgesses, a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and president of the convention that framed the federal Constitution. He was elected the first president of the United States, serving two terms. He died at Mount Vernon.



Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the fourteenth day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and in my flattering hopes with an immutable decision as the asylum of my declining years; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary, as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health due to the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and diffi-

[1] From Washington's first inaugural address, delivered in New York, April 30, 1789.

culty of the trust, to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpracticed in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies.

In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is that if, in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

Such being the impressions under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes; and may enable every instrument employed in

its administration to execute with success the function allotted to his charge.

In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow-citizens at large, less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand, which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency; and in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, along with a humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seems to presage. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed.

FAREWELL ADDRESS [1]

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(1796)

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct, and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtues? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Harmony, and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal

[1] From Washington's farewell address, delivered September 19, 1796.

and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying, by gentle means, the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be, from time to time, abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay, with a portion of its independence, for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations! But, if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit; to warn against the mischiefs

of foreign intrigues; to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am, nevertheless, too sensible of my defects, not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty years of my life, dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love toward it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate, with pleasing expectations, that retreat in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and danger.

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?[1]

FISHER AMES

(1796)

Fisher Ames (1758–1808), statesman, was born at Dedham, Massachusetts, and graduated from Harvard College. He taught school for some time, later studied law, was admitted to the Bar in 1781, and began to practice in Dedham. In 1788 he was elected a member of the General Court of Massachusetts, and because of his ability was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Convention for ratifying the federal Constitution. He was sent to Congress as the first representative of the Boston district, being elected over Samuel Adams. He served four terms. In 1804 he was chosen president of Harvard College, but had to decline the appointment on account of ill health.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be

[1] From a speech delivered in the House of Representatives on a motion "to pass laws necessary for carrying the treaty with Great Britain into effect."

deemed inviolable when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

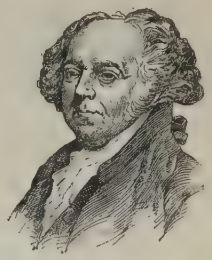
I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians — whiff of tobacco smoke or a string of beads gives not merely binding force, but sanctity, to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money, but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together, and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would, therefore, soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT[1]

JOHN ADAMS

(1797)

John Adams (1735–1826) was born at Braintree, Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard College and began the practice of law. At the time of the Boston massacre, 1770, he defended Captain Preston of the British army, notwithstanding his sympathy with the people. This, apparently, did not publicly injure him, for in the same year he was elected to the General Court. He was a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and served as Minister to the Court of St. James. He was elected president of the United States, 1796. Died at Quincy, Massachusetts. Mr. Adams is known as the "Father of the American Navy."



Returning to the bosom of my country, after a painful separation from it for ten years,[2] I had the honor to be elected to a station under the new order of things; and I have repeatedly laid myself under the most serious obligations to support the Constitution. The operation of it has equaled the most sanguine expectations of its friends; and from an habitual attention to it, satisfaction in its administration, and delight in its effects upon the peace, order, prosperity, and happiness of the nation, I have acquired an habitual attachment to it and veneration for it.

What other form of government, indeed, can so well deserve our esteem and love?

[1] From President John Adams's inaugural address, delivered before both houses of Congress in 1787.

[2] In England and on the Continent; see biographical note, above.

There may be little solidity in an ancient idea that congregations of men into cities and nations are the most pleasing objects in the sight of Superior Intelligence; but this is very certain, that to a benevolent human mind there can be no spectacle presented by any nation more pleasing, more noble, majestic, or august, than an assembly like that which has so often been seen in this and the other chamber of Congress, of a government in which the executive authority, as well as that of all the branches of the legislature, are exercised by citizens, selected at regular periods by their neighbors, to make and execute laws for the general good. Can anything essential, anything more than mere ornament and decoration, be added to this by robes or diamonds? Can authority be more amiable or respectable, when it descends from accidents or institutions established in remote antiquity, than when it springs fresh from the hearts and judgments of an honest and enlightened people? For it is the people only that are represented; it is their power and majesty that is reflected, and only for their good, in every legitimate government, under whatever form it may appear. The existence of such a government as ours for any length of time is a full proof of a general dissemination of knowledge and virtue throughout the whole body of people. And what object of consideration, more pleasing than this, can be presented to the human mind? If national pride is ever justifiable or excusable, it is when it springs, not from power or riches, grandeur or glory, but from conviction of national innocence, information, and benevolence.

In the midst of these pleasing ideas we should be

unfaithful to ourselves if we should ever lose sight of the danger to our liberties — if anything partial or extraneous should infect the purity of our free, fair, virtuous, and independent elections. If an election is to be determined by a majority of a single vote, and that can be procured by a party through artifice or corruption, the government may be the choice of a party, for its own ends, not of the nation for the national good. If that solitary suffrage can be obtained by foreign nations by flattery or menaces, by fraud or violence, by terror, intrigue, or venality, the government may not be the choice of the American people, but of foreign nations. It may be foreign nations who govern us, and not we, the people, who govern ourselves; and candid men will acknowledge that, in such cases, choice would have little advantage to boast of over lot or chance.

Such is the amiable and interesting system of government (and such are some of the abuses to which it may be exposed) which the people of America have exhibited to the admiration and anxiety of the wise and virtuous of all nations for eight years, under the administration of a citizen[1] who, by a long course of great actions, regulated by prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, conducting a people, inspired with the same virtues and animated with the same ardent patriotism and love of liberty, to independence and peace, to increasing wealth and unexampled prosperity, has merited the gratitude of his fellow citizens, commanded the highest praises of foreign nations, and secured immortal glory with posterity.

In that retirement, which is his voluntary choice,

[1] George Washington.

may he long live to enjoy the delicious recollection of his service — gratitude of mankind; the happy fruits of them to himself and the world, which are daily increasing, and that splendid prospect of the future fortunes of his country, which is opening from year to year. His name may be still a rampart, and the knowledge that he lives, a bulwark against all open or secret enemies of his country's peace.

EULOGY ON GEORGE WASHINGTON [1]

HENRY LEE

(1799)

HENRY LEE (1756–1818), soldier and statesman, was born in Virginia. He graduated at Princeton College and served throughout the Revolutionary War with distinction. Later he served his state as governor and as a member of Congress. In 1801 he retired to private life.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble, endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

[1] From a speech delivered by request of Congress, at Philadelphia, December 26, 1799.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors kind; and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life; although in extreme pain, not a sign, not a groan, escaped him, and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

Methinks I see his august image, and hear, falling from his venerable lips, these deep-sinking words: "Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation; go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint counsels, joint efforts, and common dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge throughout the land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with, all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only; be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to that union which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors. Thus will you preserve, undisturbed to the latest posterity, the felicity of a people to me most dear; and thus will you supply, if my happiness is now aught to you, the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high Heaven bestows.

EULOGY ON ALEXANDER HAMILTON [1]

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

(1804)

Gouverneur Morris (1752–1816) was born at Morrisania, New York, and was educated at King's College, now Columbia University. He was admitted to the Bar and became one of the foremost lawyers in his native state. He was a delegate to the Provincial Congress in 1775. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of his father, Lewis Morris. He was United States minister to France, and United States senator, completing the unexpired term of Philip Schuyler. He died at Morrisania.

If on this sad, this solemn occasion, I should endeavor to move your commiseration, it would be doing injustice to that sensibility which has been so generally and so justly manifested. Far from attempting to excite your emotions, I must try to repress my own; and yet I fear that, instead of the language of a public speaker, you will hear only the lamentations of a wailing friend.

Students of Columbia [2] — he was in the ardent pursuit of knowledge in your academic shades when the first sound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unprotected volunteer, such was his zeal, and so brilliant his service, that we heard his name before we knew his person. It seemed as if God had called him suddenly into existence, that he might assist to save a world!

The penetrating eye of Washington soon perceived

[1] From a funeral oration delivered in New York, 1804, over the dead body of Hamilton, who was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr.

[2] Columbia University.

the manly spirit which animated his youthful bosom. By that excellent judge of men he was selected as an aide, and thus he became early acquainted with, and was a principal actor in, the most important scenes of our revolution.

Shortly after the war, your favor — no, your discernment — called him to public office. You sent him to the convention at Philadelphia; he there assisted in forming that Constitution which is now the bond of our union, the shield of our defense, and the source of our prosperity.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds, though not without resources. To call them into action, and establish order in the finances, Washington sought for splendid talents, for extensive information, and, above all, he sought for sterling, incorruptible integrity. All these he found in Hamilton. The system then adopted has been the subject of much animadversion. If it be not without a a fault, let it be remembered that nothing human is perfect. Recollect the circumstances of the moment — recollect the conflict of opinion — and, above all, remember that the minister of a republic must bend to the will of the people. The administration which Washington formed was one of the most efficient, one of the best that any country was ever blest with. And the result was a rapid advance in power and prosperity, of which there is no example in any other nation. The part which Hamilton bore is universally known.

Gentlemen of the Bar — you have lost your brightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example. While, like him, with justifiable and with laudable zeal, you

pursue the interests of your clients, remember, like him, the eternal principle of justice.

Fellow citizens — you have long witnessed his professional conduct and felt his unrivaled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen — you know that he never courted your favor by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests, as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the memory of my departed friend. I charge you to protect his fame. It is all he has left — all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favor. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occasion ask, "Would Hamilton have done this thing?"

You all know how he perished. On this last scene I cannot, I must not, dwell. It might excite emotions too strong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead to any act which might again offend the insulted majesty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice, — for his voice you will hear no more, — let me entreat you to respect yourselves.

And now, ye ministers of the everlasting God, perform your holy office, and commit these ashes of our departed brother to the bosom of the grave.

IN DEFENSE OF THE INDIAN'S RELIGION [1]

RED JACKET

(1805)

Red Jacket (1751–1830), a chief of the Seneca Indians, was born near Seneca Lake, New York. He derived the name of Red Jacket from a richly embroidered scarlet jacket given him by a British officer, with whom he served in the War of the Revolution. Later he became a useful ally of the United States government, securing valuable information of the hostile plans of the Indians under Tecumseh during the war on the Niagara frontier. He died on the Seneca reservation, near Buffalo.

You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to His mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a Book. If it was intended for us, as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did He not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that Book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do the white people differ so much about it? Why are not all agreed, as you can all read the Book?

Brother, we do not understand these things. We

[1] Delivered at a council of the chiefs of the Iroquois, after a missionary had spoken of work he hoped to do among their people.

are told that your religion was given to your forefathers and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

Brother, the Great Spirit has made us all, but He made a great difference between His white and His red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you He has given the arts. To these He has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since He has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that He has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for His children; we are satisfied.

Brother, we do not wish to destroy your religion or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

Brother, you say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will tell you that I have been at your meetings, and saw you collect money from the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for, but suppose that it was for your minister; and, if we should conform to your way, perhaps you may want some from us.

Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good,

makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

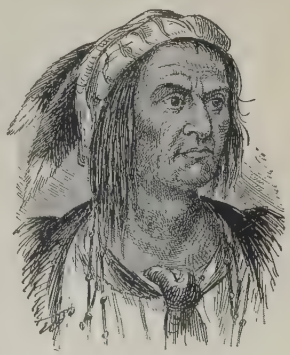
Brother, you have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey and return you safe to your friends.

TO GOVERNOR HARRISON [1]

TECUMSEH

(1810)

TECUMSEH (1768–1813), chief of the Shawnee Indians, was born near Springfield, Ohio. He took a prominent part in the Indian wars, and in 1805 attempted to organize all the western Indians in a confederacy against the whites. At the outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain in 1812, he went to Canada with a band of Shawnees, and was a useful ally of the British during the War of 1812. For his services in this campaign he was made brigadier general in the British army. He was killed in the battle of the Thames, 1813.



It is true I am a Shawnee. My forefathers were warriors. Their son is a warrior. From them I take only my existence; from my tribe I take nothing. I am the maker of my own fortune; and oh! that I

[1] Delivered to Governor Harrison at Vincennes, Indiana, in 1810. In Tecumseh's absence the Indians had sold to the Americans lands on both sides of the Wabash River.

could make that of my red people, and of my country, as great as the conceptions of my mind, when I think of the Spirit that rules the universe. I would not then come to Governor Harrison,[1] to ask him to tear the treaty and to obliterate the landmark; but I would say to him, "Sir, you have liberty to return to your own country."

The being within, communing with past ages, tells me that once, nor until lately, there was no white man on this continent; that it then all belonged to red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit that made them, to keep it, to traverse it, to enjoy its productions, and to fill it with the same race, once a happy race, since made miserable by the white people, who are never contented, but always encroaching. The way, and the only way, to check and to stop this evil, is for all the red men to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land, as it was at first, and should be yet; for it never was divided, but belongs to all for the use of each. No part has a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers, those who want all, and will not do with less.

The white people have no right to take the land from the Indians, because they had it first; it is theirs. They may sell, but all must join. Any sale not made by all is not valid. The late sale is bad. It was made by a part only. Part do not know how to sell. It requires all to make a bargain for all. All red men have equal rights to the unoccupied land. The right of occupancy is as good in one place as in another. There cannot be two occupations in the same place. The first

[1] William Henry Harrison (1773–1841), ninth president of the United States, the victor of Tippecanoe and the Thames.

excludes all others. It is not so in hunting or traveling; for there the same ground will serve many, as they may follow each other all day; but the camp is stationary, and that is occupancy. It belongs to the first who sits down on his blanket or skins which he has thrown upon the ground; and till he leaves it, no other has a right.

WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN [1]

BY A NEW ENGLAND FARMER

(1812)

GREAT BRITAIN stands in a situation which may be called unexampled. Her marine power is greater than that of any other nation since we have any authentic histories of civilized societies. Opposed to her is the gigantic domination of France, enjoyed and swayed by one of the most ambitious, daring, successful, and unprincipled men [2] whom the world has produced — a man who has shown that he neither respects the venerable institutions of religion, nor the faith of treaties, nor the established laws of civilized nations, — a declared enemy to the ancient dynasties of monarchical states, as well as to the humble citizens of free republics.

[1] This selection is not an extract from a speech, but rather from an essay. It is, however, suitable for declamation, and illustrates better than most speeches of the period the attitude of a majority of New Englanders toward the War of 1812. The author was John Lowell (1769–1840), a political writer of the time. He was familiar with public affairs and had served as a legislator. The whole essay is entitled, "A Dispassionate Enquiry into the Reasons Alleged by Mr. Madison for Declaring an Offensive and Ruinous War against Great Britain."

[2] Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of the French.

He has spared no people whom his arms could subdue, and there are none whom he has subdued that he has not reduced to the lowest stage of servitude and misery.

Against this monstrous power Great Britain, by means of her marine force, has *been alone* enabled to make a successful stand, and it is immaterial to us whether this opposition on her part proceeds from a general regard to the interests of all free and independent states, or whether she is influenced by her own interests or by her ambition. The effect upon us is the same, and we have only to ask ourselves whether we have most to apprehend from the absolute success of the arms of France or from the mere *capacity* of Great Britain to *resist* the tyrant who threatens her with *destruction*. If the chances between these two combatants were equal, if it were as probable that Great Britain would subdue France as that France will subdue Great Britain, then we should only have to ask ourselves which would be most likely to abuse their power, and we ought in that case to wish success to that nation which has manifested the greatest disposition to justice and moderation.

Britain is ruled by her citizens — she is essentially free, and no nation abhors more than she does the tyrannical principles which actuate the ruler of France.

Our interest, then, in the strongest case which could be put would be in favor of the predominance of British power rather than that of France.

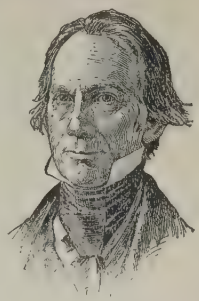
Recollect the old maxim of our revolution, which is more important to be applied to *New England and the commercial states* NOW than it was THEN: United we stand, divided we fall.

THE WAR OF 1812[1]

HENRY CLAY

(1813)

Henry Clay (1777–1852) was born in Hanover County, Virginia. He received his early education in the district schools, and studied law in the office of the Attorney-General of Virginia. He was admitted to practice by the Virginia Court of Appeals, and shortly afterwards removed to Lexington, Kentucky, continuing his practice there. He served several terms in the House of Representatives and the Senate. As Secretary of State, during the administration of John Quincy Adams, he negotiated favorable treaties with Great Britain and other European and South American governments. He was on several occasions an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency.



Sir, gentlemen appear to me to forget that they stand on American soil; that they are not in the British House of Commons, but in the chamber of the House of Representatives of the United States; that we have nothing to do with the affairs of Europe, the partition of territory and sovereignty there, except so far as these things affect the interest of our own country. Gentlemen transform themselves into the Burkes,[2] Chathams,[2] and Pitts[2] of another country, and forgetting, from honest zeal, the interests of America, engage with European sensibility in the discussions of European interests. If gentlemen ask me whether I do not view with regret

[1] From an address delivered in the United States House of Representatives in 1813.

[2] Edmund Burke, William Pitt (Lord Chatham), and William Pitt, the younger.

and horror the concentration of such vast power in the hands of Bonaparte,[1] I reply that I do. I regret to see the emperor of China holding such immense sway over the fortune of millions of our species. I regret to see Great Britain possessing so uncontrolled a command over all the waters of the globe.

The war was declared because Great Britain arrogated to herself the pretension of regulating our foreign trade, under the delusive name of retaliatory orders in council, — a pretension by which she undertook to proclaim to American enterprise, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," — orders which she refused to revoke after the alleged cause of her enactment had ceased, because she persisted in the practice of impressing American seamen; because she had instigated the Indians to commit hostilities against us; and because she refused indemnity for her past injuries upon our commerce. I throw out of the question other wrongs. So undeniable were the causes of the war, so powerfully did they address themselves to the feelings of the whole American people, that when the bill was pending before this House, gentlemen in the opposition, although provoked to debate, would not, or could not, utter one syllable against it.

We are told by gentlemen in opposition that government has not done all that was incumbent on it to do to avoid just cause of complaint on the part of Great Britain; that in particular the certificates of protection,[2] authorized by the Act of 1796, are fraudulently

[1] Napoleon Bonaparte.

[2] Issued to seamen by the government to protect them from seizure by the British.

used. Sir, government has done too much in granting those paper protections. I can never think of them without being shocked. They resemble the passes which the master grants to his negro slaves: "Let the bearer, Mungo, pass and repass without molestation." What do they imply? That Great Britain has a right to seize all who are not provided with them. From their very nature they must be liable to abuse on both sides. If Great Britain desires a mark by which she can know her own subjects, let her give them an earmark.

The colors that float from the masthead should be the credentials of our seamen. An honorable peace is attainable only by an efficient war. My plan would be to call out the ample resources of the country, give them a judicious direction, prosecute the war with the utmost vigor, strike wherever we can reach the enemy, at sea or on land, and negotiate the terms of peace at Quebec or at Halifax. We are told that England is a proud and lofty nation, which, disdaining to wait for danger, meets it halfway. Haughty as she is, we triumphed over her once, and if we do not listen to the counsels of timidity and despair, we shall again prevail. In such a course, with the aid of Providence, we must come out crowned with success; but, if we fail, let us fail like men, lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle, fighting for *Free Trade and Seaman's Rights.*

TO GENERAL PROCTOR[1]

TECUMSEH

(1813)

FATHER, listen to your children! You have them now all before you. The war before this[2] our British father gave the hatchet to his red children, when old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war our father[3] was thrown on his back by the Americans, and our father took them by the hand[4] without our knowledge; and we are afraid that our father will do so again at this time.

Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren, and was ready to take up the hatchet in favor of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry, that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

Listen! When war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us that he was ready to strike the Americans; that he wanted our assistance, and that he would certainly get us our lands back, which the Americans had taken from us.

Listen! You told us at that time to bring forward our families to this place, and we did so; and you promised to take care of them, and that they should want for nothing, while the men would go and fight the enemy. That we need not trouble ourselves about the enemy's garrisons; that we knew nothing about them,

[1] Delivered to General Proctor, commander of the British forces, shortly before the battle of the Thames, where Tecumseh lost his life.

[2] The War of the Revolution.

[3] George III of Great Britain.

[4] Made peace.

and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts glad.

Father, listen! Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but know nothing of what has happened to our father. Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands. It made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the King, is the head, and you represent him. You always told us that you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy.

Listen, father! The Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water. We, therefore, wish to remain here and fight our enemy should they make their appearance. If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father.

AN ESTIMATE OF WASHINGTON[1]

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(1814)

Thomas Jefferson (1743–1826), statesman, was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia. He graduated from William and Mary College, and was admitted to the Bar. He was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1776, and served on a committee with Franklin, Adams, Sherman, and Livingston, to draft the Declaration of Independence. For two years he served as governor of his native state. During his term of office he reported a bill to the Virginia legislature for the establishment of a general system of education for the state. It provided for three years' free instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, for all children in the state, rich or poor. He served in the 9th session of the Continental Congress, and in 1784 Congress appointed him as Commissioner to France, to aid Franklin and Adams in concluding treaties with the European powers. He became Minister Plenipotentiary to the king of France; served in President Washington's Cabinet as Secretary of State; was a candidate for the presidency, but was defeated by John Adams; was elected vice president, and presided over the Senate in the 5th and 6th Congresses. He was elected president in 1800, and reëlected in 1804. At the conclusion of the second term he retired to private life, and gave the remaining years of his life to the building up of the University of Virginia, which was incorporated in 1819.

[1] This is an excerpt from a letter written to a friend in 1814. It is written, however, in a style suitable for declamation. Although not an oration, this extract has been inserted on account of the light it throws on the relations of two leading men of the revolutionary period.

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these: —

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton,[1] Bacon,[2] or Locke;[3] and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or

[1] Sir Isaac Newton, the great English astronomer. He was the first to clearly enunciate the law of gravitation.

[2] Lord Bacon, English jurist and philosopher. He was the first to formulate the principles of the inductive method of reasoning.

[3] John Locke, English philosopher, and writer on education.

hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one could wish, his deportment, easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words.

In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnished no other example.

SUFFERING GREECE[1]

HENRY CLAY

(1824)

And has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece — that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in a humble petition, addressed to their Majesties, beseeching them,

[1] Delivered in the House of Representatives in Washington, 1824.

that of their gracious condescension, they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies.

How shall it run? "We, the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal Majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency" — I cannot go through the disgusting recital! My lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave!

Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high Heaven, at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils?[1]

If the great body of Christendom can look calmly and coolly whilst all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let

[1] The Eastern Roman, Byzantine, or Greek Empire fell with the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 A.D. From that date until 1718, the Morea, Negropont, Crete, and other parts of Hellas were the scenes of fierce conflicts between the Venetians and the Turks. From 1718 until 1770 Greece was entirely under the crushing despotism of Turkey. In 1770 the Greeks rebelled, but were soon crushed. In 1821 another outbreak occurred. This time the Greeks were aided by Russia, England, and France. Many foreigners enlisted in the Greek ranks, including Lord Byron, who died the next year of a fever at Missolonghi. In 1827 the allied European powers destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino. In 1829 Turkey acknowledged Greek independence. During this war the Turks massacred forty thousand Greeks at one time on the island of Chios. Practically every Greek village was devasted, and thousands of Greek women were carried off to Turkish harems.

us at least evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

Sir, an attempt has been made to alarm the committee by the dangers to our commerce in the Mediterranean; and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and to eradicate our humanity. Ah! sir, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade and lose its liberties?

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF BUNKER HILL [1]

DANIEL WEBSTER

(1825)

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder in the strife for your country.

Behold how altered! The same heavens are, indeed,

[1] Taken from an address delivered at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, 1825.

over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown.

The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death, — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace.

The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.

Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever.

He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But alas! you are not all here! Time and the

sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott,[1] Putnam,[2] Stark,[3] Brooks,[4] Read,[5] Pomeroy,[6] Bridge! Our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like —

"Another morn,
Risen on mid-noon," [7]

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes, was cloudless.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our govern-

[1] William Prescott (1726–1795). The historian Bancroft says that in the Battle of Bunker Hill "no one appeared to have any command save Colonel Prescott."

[2] Israel Putnam (1718–1790), the ranking officer at Bunker Hill.

[3] John Stark (1728–1822), the hero of Bennington.

[4] John Brooks (1752–1825) was not actually in the battle of Bunker Hill, but helped fortify Breed's Hill just before the battle. He was elected governor of the State.

[5] Probably General Joseph Reed (1741–1785), then lieutenant-colonel in the Massachusetts Militia. Bancroft, in his writings, confounded Charles Read, who went over to the British during the war, with General Joseph Reed. Several of each name fought in the Revolutionary War.

[6] Seth Pomeroy (1706–1777) fought as a private at Bunker Hill, although an experienced soldier who held the rank of colonel.

[7] From the fifth book of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

ment are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

THE PASSING OF THE INDIAN[1]

CHARLES SPRAGUE

(1825)

CHARLES SPRAGUE (1791–1875), poet, was born at Boston, Massachusetts. He was educated in the public schools. He entered the banking business, but found time for literary work.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover woed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

[1] From a Fourth of July oration, Boston, 1825.

He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind, adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck!

As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb

the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

THE WAR MUST GO ON[1]

DANIEL WEBSTER

(1826)

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all

[1] Extracts from an oration delivered by Webster in Faneuil Hall, Boston, 1826. The orator of the occasion puts these words in the mouth of John Adams, who was imagined to have delivered them at the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,[1] if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms

[1] Psalm cxxxvii. 5.

against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us, on the footing of independence, than to consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievance, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,[1] and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the

[1] The scenes of the opening conflicts of the American Revolution.

poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood, but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exaltation, of gratitude, and of joy.

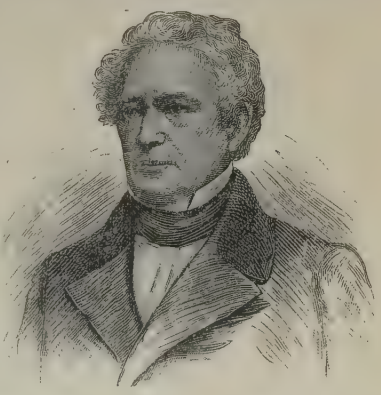
Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, "Independence now, and independence forever!"

THE HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION [1]

EDWARD EVERETT

(1826)

Edward Everett (1794–1865) was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard College, and, later, studied in Italy. He began his career as a Unitarian clergyman, but after a short period became professor of Greek Literature at Harvard College. He was afterwards elected president of that institution. For a time he was editor of the *North American Review*. He served several terms in Congress, and was for three years governor of Massachusetts. During President Fillmore's administration he served as Secretary of State, succeeding Daniel Webster. Later he was elected to the United States Senate, and after serving two sessions, retired on account of ill health.



Often as it has been repeated, it will bear repetition; it never ought to be omitted in the history of constitutional liberty; it ought especially to be repeated this day — the various addresses, petitions, and appeals, the correspondence, the resolutions, the legislative and popular debates, from 1764 to the Declaration of Independence, present a maturity of political wisdom, a strength of argument, a gravity of style, a manly

[1] From an oration delivered in Cambridge, July 4, 1826. Everett calls upon the country to pension in a worthy manner, the survivors of the war for national independence.

eloquence, and a moral courage, of which unquestionably the modern world affords no other example. This meed of praise, substantially accorded at the time by Lord Chatham [1] in the British parliament, may well be repeated by us. For most of the venerated men to whom it is paid it is but a pious tribute to departed worth. The Lees [2] and the Henrys,[3] Otis,[4] Quincy,[5] Warren,[6] and Samuel Adams,[7] the men who spoke those words of thrilling power, which raised and directed the storm of resistance, and rang like the voice of fate across the Atlantic, are beyond the reach of our praise. To most of them it was granted to witness some of the fruits of their labors — such fruits as revolution do not often bear. Others departed at an untimely hour, or nobly fell in the onset; too soon for this country, too soon for everything but their own undying fame.

But all are not gone; some still survive among us, to hail the jubilee of the independence they declared. Go back, fellow citizens, to that day when Jefferson

[1] William Pitt, the elder, called the "Great Commoner." From the first he lifted up his voice in favor of justice to America.

[2] Henry Lee and Richard Henry Lee. Both were patriots of the Revolution. The former delivered the oration which referred to Washington as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Richard Henry Lee presented in the Continental Congress the celebrated motion, adopted July 2, 1776: "These united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, etc."

[3] Patrick Henry.

[4] James Otis. See biographical note, page 13.

[5] Josiah Quincy, the elder (1744–1775). He denounced the Stamp Act and other oppressive measures, but died before the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

[6] General Joseph Warren. See biographical note, page 15.

[7] Samuel Adams. See biographical note, page 27.

and Adams [1] composed the subcommittee who reported the Declaration of Independence. Think of the mingled sensations of that proud but anxious day, compared with the joy of this. What reward, what crown, what treasure, could the world and all its kingdoms afford, compared with the honor and happiness of having been united in that commission, and living to see its most wavering hopes turned into glorious reality! Venerable men, you have outlived the dark days which followed your more than heroic deed; you have outlived your own strenuous contention, who should stand first among the people whose liberty you had vindicated! You have lived to bear to each other the respect which the nation bears to you both; and each has been so happy as to exchange the honorable name of the leader of a party for that more honorable one, the father of his country. While this, our tribute of respect, on the jubilee of our independence [2] is paid to the gray hairs of the venerable survivor in our neighborhood, let it not less heartily be sped to him, whose hand traced the lines of that sacred charter, which, to the end of time, has made this day illustrious. And is an empty profession of respect all that we owe to the man who can show the original draft of the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America, in his own handwriting? Ought not a title deed like this to become the acquisition of the nation? Ought it not to be laid up in the public archives? Ought not the price

[1] Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. The original of the Declaration of Independence is in Jefferson's handwriting, but the principal part in the debate was taken by John Adams.

[2] This address was delivered just fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

at which it is bought to be a provision for the ease and comfort of the old age of him who drew it? Ought not he who, at the age of thirty, declared the independence of his country, at the age of eighty to be secured by his country in the enjoyment of his own?

Nor would we, on the return of this eventful day, forget the men who, when the conflict of council was over, stood forward in that of arms. Yet let me not, by faintly endeavoring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to draw this picture, in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph. But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us from beneath the soil which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears; and the leaders in war, as well as the Cabinet, are seen, in fancy's eye, to take their stations on the mount of remembrance. They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham;[1] they start from the heaving sods of Bunker Hill;[2] they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga[3] and Yorktown,[4] from the blood-dyed waters

[1] In the battle of the Plains of Abraham, 1759; English and colonial troops fought side by side. The Plains are just outside the walls of Quebec.

[2] Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775. Nominally a British victory.

[3] Saratoga, October 19, 1777. The first great American success in the war.

[4] Yorktown, October 19, 1781. Here Cornwallis surrendered with eight thousand men. This victory really ended the war.

of the Brandywine,[1] from the dreary snows of Valley Forge,[2] and all the hard-fought fields of the war! With all their wounds and all their honors, they rise and plead with us for their brethren who survive, and command us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity, to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves!

UNION [3]

DANIEL WEBSTER

(1830)

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reason of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction that, since it respects

[1] Brandywine, 1777, was one of the hardest engagements of the war of independence. Here Washington was defeated while endeavoring to prevent Sir William Howe from capturing Philadelphia.

[2] Valley Forge, a little place on the Schuylkill River. Here Washington's army spent the winter of 1778 in great destitution.

[3] From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, in 1830, during a debate in which sectionalism was one of the subjects discussed.

nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union that we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity.

It had its origin in the necessity of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit.[1] Under its benign influence these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depths of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor

[1] Referring to the period immediately following the end of the Revolutionary War.

in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union might be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies beyond! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, — bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and union afterwards," — but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

THE UNION [1]

CASSIUS M. CLAY
(1837)

Cassius M. Clay (1810–1903) was born in Madison County, Kentucky. He was educated at Yale College and admitted to the Bar, but never practiced law. He introduced the common school system into Kentucky, and was instrumental in reforming the jury system. He was appointed Minister to Russia by President Lincoln, but resigned in 1862, to accept a position as major-general of Volunteers. A year later he resigned his command and was again appointed Minister to Russia, which post he held for six years. He made application to the government for pension for service in the Mexican War, which was granted him.

While the Union lasts, amid these fertile, verdant fields, these ever flowing rivers, these stately groves, this genial, healthful clime, this "old Kentucky land" — hallowed by the blood of our sires, endeared by the beauty of her daughters, illustrious by the valor and eloquence of her sons, the center of a most glorious empire, guarded by a cordon of States garrisoned by freemen, girt round by the rising and setting seas — we are the most blessed of all people.

Let the Union be dissolved, let that line be drawn where it must be drawn, and we are a border State; in time of peace, with no outlet to the ocean, the highway of nations, a miserable dependency; in the time

[1] Delivered by Cassius M. Clay in the Kentucky house of representatives, 1837.

of war the battle ground of more than Indian warfare — of civil strife and indiscriminate slaughter! And then, worse than Spanish provinces, we shall contend not for glory and renown, but, like the aborigines of old, for a contemptible life and miserable subsistence! Let me not see it! Among those proud courts and lordly coteries of Europe's pride, where fifty years ago [1] we were regarded as petty provinces, unknown to ears polite, let me go forth great in the name of an American citizen.

Let me point them to our statesmen and the laws and government of their creation, the rapid advance of political science, the monuments of their fame, now the study of all Europe! Let them look at our rapidly increasing and happy population, see our canals and turnpikes and railroads, stretching over more space than combined Britain and continental Europe have reached by the same means! Let them send their philanthropists to learn of our penitentiary systems, our schools, and our civil institutions! Let them behold our skill in machinery, in steamboats and shipbuilding! Let them hail the most gallant ship that breasts the mountain wave, and she shall wave from her flagstaff the Stars and Stripes.

These are the images which I cherish; this is the nation which I honor; and never will I throw one pebble in her track, to jostle the footsteps of her glorious march!

[1] Referring to the dark days between the treaty of peace with Britain, acknowledging the independence of her former provinces, and the adoption of the federal Constitution.

AGAINST NATIONAL ENMITY[1]

RUFUS CHOATE

(1844)

Rufus Choate (1799–1859) was born at Ipswich, Massachusetts. He graduated from Dartmouth College, studied law in Washington under William Wirt, attorney-general of the United States, was admitted to the Bar, and practiced law for five years in Danvers, Massachusetts. He was twice elected to Congress, but resigned his seat to continue the practice of his profession in Boston. He was elected United States senator, to take the place of Daniel Webster, who had resigned to accept the portfolio of State, in President Harrison's Cabinet. At the close of the administration Mr. Webster was returned to the Senate, and Mr. Choate resumed his practice of law. Among his famous speeches may be mentioned his "Eulogy on President Harrison," "Address on Anniversary of Landing of Pilgrims," and "Eulogy on Daniel Webster." He left Massachusetts for a trip to Europe in a search for health and had proceeded as far as Halifax, Nova Scotia, when he died.

Mr. President, we must distinguish a little. That there exists in this country an intense sentiment of nationality; a cherished, energetic feeling and conscious-

[1] Delivered in the United States Senate, in 1844, during a debate on the Oregon dispute between Great Britain and the United States. Great Britain claimed that the Columbia River should be the northern line of United States territory, while the battle cry of many Americans was "fifty-four forty or fight," which meant that they considered that American territory extended to the southern limit of the Russian claims.

ness of our independent and separate national existence; a feeling that we have a transcendent destiny to fulfill, which we mean to fulfill; a great work to do, which we know how to do, and are able to do; a career to run, up which we hope to ascend till we stand on the steadfast and glittering summits of the world; a feeling that we are surrounded and attended by a noble, historical group of competitors and rivals, the other nations of the earth, all of whom we hope to overtake and even to distance — such a sentiment as this exists perhaps in the character of this people. And this I do not discourage; I do not condemn. It is easy to ridicule it. But "grand, swelling sentiments" of patriotism no wise man will despise. They have their uses. They help to give a great heart to a nation; to animate it for the various conflicts of its lot; to assist it to work out for itself a more exceeding weight and to fill a larger measure of glory. But, sir, that among these useful and beautiful sentiments, predominant among them, there exists a temper of hostility towards this one particular nation, to such a degree as to amount to a habit, a trait, a national passion, to amount to a state of feeling which "is to be regretted," and which really threatens another war — this I earnestly and confidently deny. I would not hear your enemy say this.

No, sir. No, sir. We are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half naked, half civilized, half blinded by the peat smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and precious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by heaven knows

what symbols of alligators and rattlesnakes and war clubs smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland,[1] cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die, — let her "remember the wrongs of days long past"; let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs, — the manliness and the sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them; but shall America, young, free, prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, "decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy," — shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart by moping over old stories of stamp act, and tea tax, and the firing of the *Leopard* upon the *Chesapeake* in the time of peace?[2]

No, sir. No, sir; a thousand times no! Why, I protest I thought all that had been settled. I thought two wars had settled it all. What else was so much

[1] The final partition of Poland took place in 1796, shortly after the defeat of Kosciusko. In 1830–1832 the Poles revolted against their Russian oppressors, but were finally conquered. This made a great impression all over Europe, and even more so in America, where people still remembered that Kosciusko had assisted in the war of the American Revolution.

[2] In 1807 the British ship *Leopard* fired upon the American frigate *Chesapeake*, after the latter refused to give up men claimed by the British to be deserters. The *Chesapeake* captain was forced to allow a British boarding party to remove four sailors as deserters, although all stoutly maintained that they were American citizens. This affair took place upon the high seas, forty-five miles from shore, and was one of the many instances in which the British exercised what they called the "right of search." This claim that the British had the right to search foreign vessels for deserters from the royal navy was one of the causes of the War of 1812.

good blood shed for on so many more than classical fields of Revolutionary glory? For what was so much good blood more lately shed at Lundy's Lane,[1] at Fort Erie,[2] before and behind the lines at New Orleans,[3] on the deck of the *Constitution*,[4] on the deck of the *Java*,[5] on the lakes, on the sea, but to settle exactly these "wrongs of past days"? And have we come back sulky and sullen from the very field of honor? For my country I deny it. The senator says that our people still remember these "former scenes of wrong with perhaps too deep" a sensibility; and that, as I interpret him, they nourish a "too extensive" national enmity. How so? If the feeling he attributes to them is moral, manly, creditable, how comes it to be too deep? and if it is immoral, unmanly, and unworthy, why is it charged on them at all? Is there a member of this body who would stand up in any educated, in any intelligent and right-minded circle which he respected, and avow that for his part he must acknowledge that, looking back through the glories and the atonements of two wars, his veins were full of ill blood to England,

[1] Lundy's Lane was one of the most stubbornly contested battles of the War of 1812. It is usually regarded as a drawn battle, although both sides claimed the victory.

[2] Fort Erie, on the Canadian side of the Niagara River. It was captured by the Americans in 1814, but later was abandoned to the British.

[3] At New Orleans the British general, Pakenham, with twelve thousand veterans, was disastrously defeated by five thousand Americans under Andrew Jackson. This battle was fought in 1815, after the treaty of peace had been signed, but before the news had reached America.

[4] The conqueror of the *Guerriere* and *Java* and several other British ships, during the War of 1812.

[5] Destroyed by the *Constitution* off the coast of Brazil, 1812.

that in peace he could not help being her enemy; that he could not pluck out the deep-wrought convictions and "the immortal hate" [1] of old times? Certainly, not one. And then, sir, that which we feel would do no honor to ourselves, shall we confess for our country?

Mr. President, let me say, that in my judgment this notion of a national enmity of feelings toward Great Britain belongs to the past age of our history. My younger countrymen are unconscious of it. They disavow it. That generation in whose opinions and feelings the actions and the destiny of the next age are unfolded, as the tree in the germ, do not at all comprehend your meaning, nor your fears, nor your regrets. We are born to happier feelings. We look on England as we look on France. We look on them, from our new world, not unrenowned, yet a new world still; and the blood mounts to our cheeks; our eyes swim; our voices are stifled with emulousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep; but there is not hatred at all; no hatred; all for honor, nothing for hate! We have, we can have, no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

[1] From Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book I, line 107.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN FREEDOM[1]

CASSIUS M. CLAY

(1846)

I MAY be an enthusiast, but I cannot give utterance to the conception of my own mind. When I look upon the special development of European civilization; when I contemplate the growing freedom of the cities, and the middle class which has sprung up between the pretenders to divine rule on the one hand, and the abject serf on the other; when I consider the Reformation and the invention of the press, and see, on the southern shore of the continent, an humble individual, amidst untold difficulties and repeated defeats, pursuing the mysterious suggestions which the mighty deep poured unceasingly upon his troubled spirit, till at last, with great and irrepressible energy of soul, he discovered that there lay in the far western ocean a continent open for the infusion of those elementary principles of liberty which were dwarfed in European soil — I conceive that the hand of destiny was there!

When I see the immigration of the Pilgrims from the chalky shores of England, in the night fleeing from their native home, so dramatically and ably pictured by Mr. Webster in his celebrated oration, when father, mother, brother, sister, lover, were all lost by those melancholy wanderers, "stifling," in the language of one who is immortal in the conception, "the mighty hunger of the heart," and landing, amidst cold and pov-

[1] From an address on "Constitutional Equal Liberty," delivered in New York, 1846.

erty and death, upon the rude rocks of Plymouth — I venture to think the will of Deity was there!

When I have remembered the Revolution of '76, the Seven Years' War, three millions of men in arms against the most powerful nation in history, and vindicating their independence, I have thought that their sufferings and death were not in vain! When I have seen the forsaken hearthstone, — looked upon the battle field, upon the dying and the dead, — heard the agonizing cry, "Water, for the sake of God! water," seeing the dissolution of being, pale lips pressed in death, the yet loved images of wife, sister, lover, — I have not deemed, — I will not deem all these things in vain! I cannot regard this great continent reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the St. John's [1] to the Rio del Norte,[2] as the destined home of a barbarian people of third-rate civilization.

Like the Roman who looked back upon the glory of his ancestors in woe, exclaiming, —

"Great Scipio's ghost complains that we are slow,
And Pompey's shade walks unavenged among us," [3]

the great dead hover around me — Lawrence, "Don't

[1] St. John's. The St. John River toward its head constitutes part of the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick. Its mouth is in New Brunswick, the St. Croix marking the limits of American territory along the Atlantic.

[2] Rio del Norte. The Rio Grande del Norte, which had recently become the boundary between the United States and Mexico by the annexation of Texas to the United States, until the end of the Mexican War in 1848, although Mexico claimed that the Nueces was the boundary.

[3] From Act III, Scene I, of Joseph Addison's drama, "Cato."

give up the ship!" [1] — Henry,[2] "Give me liberty or give me death!" — Adams,[3] "Survive or perish, I am for the Declaration!" — Allen, "In the name of the living God, I come!"

Come, then, thou Eternal, who dwellest not in temple made with hands, but who, in the city's crowd or by the far forest stream, revealest thyself to the earnest seeker after truth and right, inspire my heart; give me undying courage to pursue the promptings of my spirit; and whether I shall be called in the shades of life to look upon as sweet and kind and lovely faces as now, or, shut in by sorrow and night, horrid visions shall gloom upon me in my dying hour — O my country, mayest thou yet be free!

[1] The last order of Captain James Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*, whose frigate was captured by the British frigate *Shannon*, Captain Broke, in 1813.

[2] Henry. Patrick Henry.

[3] Adams. John Adams, second president of the United States.

A PLEA FOR MEXICO[1]

THOMAS CORWIN

(1847)

Thomas Corwin (1794–1864), statesman, was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky. He had few school advantages until he was twelve years old, when he attended a winter school conducted by a Baptist clergyman at Lebanon, Ohio, to which place his family had moved. He took up the study of law, and was admitted to the Bar. He was twice elected a member of the Ohio legislature. He was elected a representative, serving ten consecutive years. He also served his state as governor and United States senator, and was Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Fillmore. At the close of the administration he resumed his practice of law, and again served several times in the House of Representatives, later being appointed Minister to Mexico by President Lincoln.

You have taken from Mexico one fourth of her territory, and you now propose to run a line comprehending about another third, and for what? I ask, Mr. President, for what? What has Mexico got from you for parting with two thirds of her domain? She has given you ample redress for every injury of which you have complained. She has submitted to the award of your commissioner, and up to the time of the rupture with Texas, faithfully paid it. And for all that she has lost (not through or by you, but which loss has been your gain), what requital do we, her strong, rich, robust neighbor, make? Do we send our missionaries there "to point the way to heaven"? Or do we send the schoolmaster to pour daylight into her dark places, to aid her infant strength to conquer freedom and reap the fruit of the independence herself alone had won?

[1] From a speech in the United States Senate, 1847.

No, no, none of this do we! But we send regiments, storm towns, and our colonels prate of liberty in the midst of the solitudes their ravages have made. They proclaim the empty forms of social compact to a people bleeding and maimed with wounds received in defending their hearthstones against the invasion of these very men who shoot them down and then exhort them to be free. What is the territory, Mr. President, which you propose to wrest from Mexico? It is consecrated to the heart of the Mexican by many a well-fought battle with his old Castilian master. His Bunker Hills, and Saratogas, and Yorktowns are there! The Mexican can say: "There I bled for liberty! and shall I surrender that consecrated home of my affections to the Anglo-Saxon invader? What do they want with it? They have Texas already. They have possessed themselves of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande.[1] What else do they want? To what shall I point my children as memorials of that independence which I bequeath to them, when those battle fields shall have passed from my possession?"

Sir, had one come and demanded Bunker Hill of the people of Massachusetts, had England's lion ever showed himself there, is there a man over thirteen and under ninety who would not have been ready to meet

[1] In 1846 a war arose with Mexico over the strip of territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. Texas had already declared its independence of Mexico and had been annexed to the United States. In the war the Mexicans were badly beaten, and as a result lost not only the strip of territory they originally fought to retain, but were compelled to sell New Mexico and California to the United States for $15,000,000. It was this last forced cession which Corwin was trying to prevent.

him? Is there a river on this continent that would not have run with blood? Is there a field but would have been piled high with unburied bones of slaughtered Americans before these consecrated battle fields of liberty should have been wrested from us? But this same American goes into a sister republic and says to poor, weak Mexico, "Give up your territory; you are unworthy to possess it; I have got one half already, and all I ask of you is to give up the other!" England might as well, in the circumstances I have described, have come and demanded of us, "Give up the Atlantic slope — give up this trifling territory from the Alleghany Mountains to the sea; it is only from Maine to St. Mary's — only about one third of your republic, and the least interesting portion of it." What would be the response? They would say we must give this up to John Bull. Why? "He wants room." The senator from Michigan says he must have this. Why, my worthy Christian brother; on what principle of justice? "I want room!"

Sir, look at this pretense of want of room. With twenty millions of people, you have one thousand millions of acres of land, inviting settlement by every conceivable argument, bringing them down to a quarter of a dollar an acre, and allowing every man to squat where he pleases. But the senator from Michigan says we will be two hundred millions in a few years, and we want room. If I were a Mexican, I would tell you: "Have you not room enough in your own country to bury your dead? If you come into mine, we will greet you with bloody hands, and welcome you to hospitable graves."

AID FOR IRELAND[1]

SARGENT S. PRENTISS

(1847)

Sargent S. Prentiss (1808–1850), orator, was born at Portland, Maine. He was educated at Bowdoin College, was admitted to the Bar and practiced law in Natchez, Mississippi. He was at one time a member of the national House of Representatives.

There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the state of Louisiana, whilst its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought all battles successfully but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal, while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.

Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers that fulfill His inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to yield her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords their accustomed nourishment. Famine,[2] gaunt and ghastly famine, seized a nation with its strong grasp, and unhappily, Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets for a moment the glowing history of the past.

[1] From an address delivered in New Orleans in 1847.

[2] The terrible Irish famine was caused by the failure of the potato crop for several successive seasons. The potato crop was at that time the mainstay of Irish agriculture. Shiploads of provisions were sent to Ireland from America and England. The famine was followed by an exodus of millions of Irishmen to America.

Oh, it is terrible that in this beautiful world which the good God has given us, and in which there is plenty for us all, men should die of starvation! When a man dies of disease, he alone endures the pain. Around his pillow are gathered sympathizing friends, who, if they cannot keep back the deadly messenger, cover his face and conceal the horrors of his visage as he delivers his stern mandate. In the battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sings his requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel.

But he who dies of hunger wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim, unrelenting enemy. He has no friend to cheer him in the terrible conflict, for if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him, for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins. Famine comes not up like a brave enemy storming by a sudden onset the fortress that resists. Famine besieges. He draws his line around the doomed garrison; he cuts off all supplies; he never summons to surrender, he gives no quarter.

Alas for poor human nature! How can it sustain this fearful warfare? Day by day the blood recedes, the flesh deserts, the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last his mind, which at first bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way under the mysterious influences that govern its union with the body. Then he begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence; he hates his fellow men, and glares upon them with the longings of a cannibal, and it may be, dies blaspheming.

Let us, then, load ships with this glorious munition, and in the name of our common humanity wage war against this despot — famine! Let us, in God's name, "cast our bread upon the waters," [1] and if we are selfish enough to desire it, we may recollect the promise that it shall return to us after many days.

THE EMPIRE STATE [2]

PETER WILSON

(1847)

You see before you an Iroquois; yes, a native American! You have heard the history of the Indian trails and the geography of the State of New York before it was known to the palefaces. The land of Gānūnno [3] was once laced by these trails from Albany to Buffalo, trails that my people had trod for centuries — worn so deep by the feet of the Iroquois that they became your own roads of travel, when my people no longer walked in them. Your highways still lie in those paths; the same lines of communication bind one part of the Long House to another. My friend has told you that the Iroquois have no monuments. This land of Gānūnno, this Empire State, is our monument. We wish to lay

[1] Ecclesiastes xi. 1.

[2] From an oration delivered before the New York Historical Society, in 1847, by Peter Wilson, a Cayuga chief. Wilson's Indian name was Waowawanaonk, which means "They hear his voice." This selection is taken from the version given in "The World's Famous Orations," by permission of Funk and Wagnalls Company.

[3] An Indian name for the state of New York.

our bones under its soil, among those of our fathers. We shall not long occupy much room in living — still less when we are gone.

Have we, the first holders of this prosperous region, no longer a share in that history? Glad were your forefathers to sit down upon the threshold of the Long House.[1] Rich did they then hold themselves in getting the mere sweepings from its door. Had our forefathers spurned you from it, when the French were thundering at the opposite end to cut a passage through and drive you into the sea, whatever has been the fate of other Indians, the Iroquois might still have been a nation; and I, too, might have had — a country!

There was a prophet of our race in early times who said that the day would come when troubles would fall upon the Indians so that they would knock their heads together. When that time came, they were to search for a large palm tree and shelter their heads beneath its shade, letting their bodies be buried at its roots, and cause that tree to flourish and become a fitting monument of the Iroquois race. That time has now come; we are in trouble and distress — we knock our heads together in agony, and we desire to find the palm tree that we may lie down and die beneath it. We wish that palm tree to be the State of New York, that it may be the monument of the Iroquois.

[1] The English settled at one end and the French at the other end of the "Long House," the prosperous region referred to above.

THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON! THE STAFF OF FRANKLIN [1]

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

(1848)

John Quincy Adams (1767–1848) was born at Braintree, Massachusetts. His early education was received in Amsterdam, and at Leyden University; later he entered the junior class of Harvard College, graduating from that institution in 1787. When but fourteen years of age he had served as private secretary and interpreter to Francis Dana, Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg. It might be mentioned that his is the only case on record when so young a person was intrusted with so responsible a government position. President Washington appointed Mr. Adams Minister to the Netherlands, and later his father accredited him to the Court of Berlin; he also served as Minister to Russia and to Great Britain, resigning the last office to become Secretary of State under President Monroe. In 1824 he was elected president of the United States, by the House of Representatives. After the expiration of his term as president, he served sixteen years in the House of Representatives. He died of apoplexy in Washington.

The sword [2] of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with those names! Washington, the warrior of human

[1] This is an extract from an address by John Quincy Adams in the national House of Representatives in 1848.

[2] Samuel T. Washington presented Congress with a sword worn by George Washington in the French and Indian wars and throughout the Revolution, as well as a crab-tree walking stick bequeathed to Washington by Benjamin Franklin.

freedom! Washington, whose sword, as my friend [1] has said, was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing press, and the plowshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! Washington and Franklin! What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time!

Washington! the warrior and the legislator; in war, contending by the wager of battle for the independence of his country and for the freedom of the human race; ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord among his own countrymen into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword now presented to his country a charm more potent than that attributed in ancient times to the lyre of Orpheus.[2]

Franklin! the mechanic of his own fortune, teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming

[1] Early in the same session of Congress Henry Lee delivered his famous speech, in which he spoke of Washington as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

[2] Orpheus was the Greek culture hero of music. He is fabled to have almost succeeded in recovering his wife from the realms of Hades by charming the god of the lower regions with his music. (Cf. Milton's "L'Allegro.")

the thunder of its terror, the lightning of its fatal blast,[1] and wresting from the tyrant's [2] hand the still more afflictive scepter of oppression; while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic ocean, braving in the dead of winter the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of independence,[3] which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace on the pathless ocean from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth,[4] after contributing by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the representatives of the North American people, to receive in their name, and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founder of our great confederated republic — these sacred symbols of our golden age.

May they be deposited among the archives of our government; and may every American who shall hereafter behold them ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the universe by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved

[1] By the lightning rod.
[2] George III.
[3] Referring to his French mission.
[4] Pennsylvania.

through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world, and of prayer for the continuance of the blessings, by the dispensations of His providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more.

THE TYRANT AND THE PATRIOT[1]

WILLIAM H. SEWARD
(1848)

William Henry Seward (1801–1872), statesman, was born at Florida, Orange County, New York. He was educated at Union College, Schenectady, and began the practice of law in Auburn, New York. He was twice elected governor of New York, and twice United States senator. He was Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Lincoln, and later in President Johnson's Cabinet. He concluded, by treaty with Russia, an arrangement for the purchase of Alaska by the United States. Some of his famous speeches are: "Eulogy on Lafayette," "Eulogy on Daniel O'Connell," "The Higher Law," and "The Destiny of America."

Only two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams[2] there appeared on an island in the Mediterranean Sea, a human spirit,[3] newly born, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of justice and benevolence which Adams possessed

[1] From an address delivered before the New York legislature in 1848.

[2] See biographical note, page 103.

[3] Napoleon Bonaparte (1769–1821), emperor of the French. His life is sufficiently outlined in the selection.

in so eminent a degree. A like career opened to both. Born, like Adams, a subject of a king -- the child of more genial skies, like him, became, in early life, a patriot and a citizen of a new and great republic. Like Adams, he lent his service to the State in precocious youth and in its hour of need and won its confidence. But, unlike Adams, he could not wait the dull delays of slow and laborious, but sure, advancement. He sought power by the hasty road that leads through fields of carnage, and he became, like Adams, a supreme magistrate, a consul.

But there were other consuls. He was not content. He thrust them aside and was consul alone. Consular power was too short. He fought new battles, and was consul for life. But power, confessedly derived from the people, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again, at least in death. He was not content. He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the republic, imprisoned the patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive see,[1] and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of kings divine and their right to reign indefeasible. He was an emperor.

But he saw around him a mother, brothers, and sisters, not ennobled, whose humble state reminded him and the world that he was born a plebeian, and he had no heir to wait impatient for the imperial crown. He scourged the earth again, and again fortune smiled on him, even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed kingdoms and principalities on his kindred, put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another,

[1] The Pope.

a daughter of Hapsburg's imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance.[1] Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle. Now he was indeed a monarch, — a legitimate monarch — a monarch by divine appointment, the first of an endless succession of monarchs. But there were other monarchs who held sway on the earth. He was not content. He would reign with his kindred alone.

He gathered new and greater armies from his own land — from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and brave — one from every household — from the Pyrenees [2] to the Zuyder Zee [3] — from Jura [4] to the ocean. He marshaled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal dominion which seemed almost within his grasp.

But ambition had tempted fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, repelled, pursued, surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride forsook him in the hour when fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he no longer was emperor, nor consul, nor general, nor even a citizen, but an exile and

[1] Napoleon married, in 1810, Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. The Austrian throne is held by the Hapsburg family.

[2] The mountains which form the boundary between France and Spain.

[3] An arm of the North Sea in Holland.

[4] The Jura Mountains on the eastern boundary of France.

a prisoner on a lonely island in the midst of the wild Atlantic.[1]

Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off at the earliest dawn and in evening's latest twilight towards that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart became corroded. Death came, not unlooked for, though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around with the guards, who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearisome watching was at hand.

As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The pageant of ambition returned. He was again a lieutenant, a colonel, a general, an emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne.[2] His kindred pressed around him, again invested with the pompous pageantry of royalty. The daughter of the long line of kings stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks.

The marshals of the empire awaited his command. The legions of the old guard were in the field; their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks thinned in many battles replenished. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, and England gathered their mighty hosts

[1] After the battle of Waterloo (1815) Napoleon surrendered to the British, who exiled him to the Island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic. He died there in 1821.

[2] Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, king of the Franks, was crowned emperor of the West by the Pope in 800.

to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft and cried, "Tête d'Armee!" [1] The feverish vision broke — the mockery was ended. The silver cord [2] was loosed, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse! This was the end of earth. The Corsican was not content.

Statesmen and citizens! the contrast suggests its own impressive moral.

[1] Head of the army.

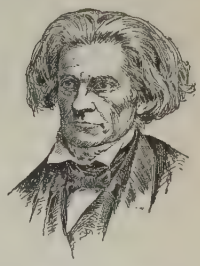
[2] Ecclesiastes xii. 6.

HOW CAN THE UNION BE PRESERVED?[1]

JOHN C. CALHOUN

(1850)

John C. Calhoun (1782–1850), lawyer and statesman, was born in South Carolina. He was educated at Yale College; studied law; served as a member of the 12th Congress and as Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Monroe. He was twice elected vice president, but resigned this office during his last term, to take a seat in the Senate, vacated by Mr. Hayne, who had been elected governor of South Carolina. Mr. Calhoun served several terms as senator.



Having now, senators, explained what it is that endangers the Union, and traced it to its cause, and explained its nature and character, the question again recurs, How can the Union be saved? To this I answer, there is but one way by which it can be, and that is by adopting such measures as will satisfy the States belonging to the Southern section that they can remain in the Union consistently with their honor and their

[1] From a speech written by Calhoun, but read by a colleague in the Senate chamber, 1850. Calhoun, too ill to deliver the speech in person, was present at the reading. He died within a month after the delivery of the address. Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, the great triumvirate, all participated in this great debate, which ended in the passing of the Compromise Measures of 1850. These included, among others, the following provisions: that California should be admitted as a free state; that the rest of the region acquired from Mexico should be divided into two territories, with no restrictions as to slavery — the question of slavery being left to be decided by the people of any new state carved out of this territory; and that fugitive slaves should be arrested in any state by United States officers and returned to those who claimed them as their owners.

safety. There is, again, only one way by which this can be effected, and that is by removing the causes by which this belief has been produced. Do this, and discontent will cease, harmony and kind feelings between the sections be restored, and every apprehension of danger to the Union removed.

The question, then, is, How can this be done? There is but one way by which it can with any certainty; and that is by a full and final settlement, on the principle of justice, of all the questions at issue between the two sections. The South asks for justice, simple justice, and less she ought not to take. She has no compromise to offer but the Constitution, and no concession or surrender to make. She has already surrendered so much that she has little left to surrender. Such a settlement would go to the root of the evil, and remove all cause of discontent, by satisfying the South that she could remain honorably and safely in the Union, and thereby restore the harmony and fraternal feelings between the section which existed anterior to the Missouri agitation.[1] Nothing else can with certainty, finally, and forever settle the question at issue, terminate agitation, and save the Union.

But can this be done? Yes, easily; not by the weaker party, for it can of itself do nothing, — not even protect itself, — but by the stronger. The North has only to will it to accomplish it, to do justice by conceding to the South an equal right in acquired territory,[2] and

[1] The agitation which preceded the adoption of the Missouri Compromise of 1820.

[2] The territory acquired from Mexico, including California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and parts of Wyoming and Colorado.

to do her duty by causing the stipulations relative to fugitive slaves to be faithfully fulfilled, to cease the agitation of the slave question, and to provide for the insertion of a provision in the Constitution, by an amendment, which will restore to the South, in substance, the power she possessed of protecting herself before the equilibrium between the sections was destroyed by the action of this government.[1] There will be no difficulty in devising such a provision — one that will protect the South, and which at the same time will improve and strengthen the government instead of impairing and weakening it.

But will the North agree to this? It is for her to answer the question. But, I will say, she cannot refuse if she has half the love of the Union which she professes to have, or without justly exposing herself to the charge that her love of power and aggrandizement is far greater than her love for the Union. At all events, the responsibility of saving the Union rests on the North, and not on the South. The South cannot save it by any act of hers, and the North may save without any sacrifice whatever, unless to do justice and to perform her duties under the Constitution should be regarded by her as a sacrifice.

It is time, senators, that there should be an open and manly avowal on all sides as to what is intended to be done. If the question is not now settled, it is uncertain whether it ever can hereafter be; and we, as the representatives of the states of this Union,

[1] By the acquisition of territory from Mexico. This territory was free territory when acquired by the United States, as Mexico had previously abolished slavery.

regarded as governments, should come to a distinct understanding as to our respective views, in order to ascertain whether the great questions at issue can be settled or not. If you who represent the stronger portion cannot agree to settle them on the broad principle of justice and duty, say so; and let the states we both represent agree to separate and part in peace.

If you are unwilling we should part in peace, tell us so; and we shall know what to do when you reduce the question to submission or resistance. If you remain silent, you will compel us to infer by your acts what you intend. In that case California will become the test question. If you admit her under all the difficulties that oppose her admission, you compel us to infer that you intend to exclude us from the whole of the acquired territories, with the intention of destroying irretrievably the equilibrium between the two sections.[1] We should be blind not to perceive in that case that your real objects are power and aggrandizement, and infatuated, not to act accordingly.

I have now, senators, done my duty in expressing my opinions fully, freely, and candidly on this solemn occasion. In doing so I have been governed by the motives which have governed me in all the stages of the agitation of the slavery question since its commencement. I have exerted myself during the whole period to arrest it, with the intention of saving the Union if it could be done; and if it could not, to save the section where it has pleased Providence to cast my lot, and which I sincerely believe has justice and the Constitu-

[1] Meaning, of course, the North and the South.

tion on its side. Having faithfully done my duty to the best of my ability, both to the Union and my section, throughout this agitation, I shall have the consolation, let what will come that I am free from all responsibility.

FREE KANSAS [1]

CHARLES SUMNER

(1856)

CHARLES SUMNER (1811–1874), statesman, was born at Boston, Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard College, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar. His first public appearance of note was made in Boston, July 4, 1845, and from that time on he was an active opponent of slavery. His election to the United States Senate, free from any pledges, he regarded as "an imposition of new duties and labors in a field which I never selected and to which I do not in the least incline." Yet in that field he won such fame as is permitted few men to enjoy. The assault made on him by Preston Brooks, a representative from South Carolina, caused profound agitation in the North, and did much to crystallize the slowly growing sentiment in favor of war.

It is against the people of Kansas that the sensibilities of the senator [2] are particularly aroused. Coming, as he announces, "from a State," — aye, sir, from South

[1] From a speech delivered in the United States Senate in 1856. This speech provoked the assault by Preston S. Brooks.

[2] Senator Butler of South Carolina, uncle of Mr. Brooks.

Carolina, — he turns with lordly disgust from this newly formed community, which he will not recognize even as a "body politic." Pray, sir, by what title does he indulge in this egotism? Has he read the history of "the State" which he represents? He cannot have forgotten its wretched persistence in the slave trade as the very apple of its eye, and the condition of its participation in the Union.[1] He cannot have forgotten its constitution, which is republican only in name, confirming power in the hands of the few, and founding the qualifications of its legislators on "a settled freehold estate and ten negroes."

And yet the senator, to whom that "State" has in part committed the guardianship of its good name, instead of moving with backward treading steps, to cover its nakedness, rushed forward in the very ecstasy of madness, to expose it by provoking a comparison with Kansas. South Carolina is old; Kansas is young.[2] South Carolina counts by centuries, where Kansas counts by years. But a beneficent example may be born in a day; and I venture to say that against the two centuries of the older "State" may be already set the two years of trial, evolving corresponding virtue in the younger community. In the one is the long wail of slavery; in the other, the hymns of freedom. And if we glance at special achievements, it will be difficult to find anything in the history of South Carolina which presents so much of heroic spirit in a heroic cause as

[1] See the Constitution of the United States, Article I, Sections 2 and 9.

[2] The Kansas-Nebraska Bill was passed in 1854. By this bill the question of slavery was to be settled by vote of the citizens of each territory.

appears in that repulse of the Missouri invaders by the beleaguered town of Lawrence, where even the women gave their effective efforts to freedom.

The matrons of Rome, who poured their jewels into the treasury for the public defense, the wives of Prussia, who, with delicate fingers, clothed their defenders against French invasion,[1] — the mothers of our own Revolution, who sent forth their sons, covered with prayers and blessings, to combat for human rights, did nothing of self-sacrifice truer than did these women on this occasion. Were the whole history of South Carolina blotted out of existence from its very beginning down to the day of the last election of the senator to his present seat on this floor, civilization might lose — I do not say how little, but surely less than it has already gained by the example of Kansas in its valiant struggle against oppression and in the development of a new science of emigration. Already, in Lawrence alone, there are newspapers and schools, including a high school, and throughout this infant territory there is more mature scholarship far, in proportion to its inhabitants, than in all South Carolina. Ah, sir, I tell the senator that Kansas, welcomed as a free State, will be a "ministering Angel" [2] to the republic when South Carolina, in the cloak of darkness which she hugs, "lies howling." [3]

[1] In the Napoleonic wars.

[2] Scott's "Marmion," Canto VI, stanza 30.

[3] Cf. "Hamlet," Act V, Scene I, line 230.

THE ASSAULT ON SUMNER[1]

ANSON BURLINGAME

(1856)

Anson Burlingame (1820–1870) was born at New Berlin, New York. He was educated at the University of Michigan, and studied law at the Harvard Law School. He was elected a member of Congress from Massachusetts for three terms. Later he was appointed Minister to Austria by President Lincoln, but that country refused to accept him, because of opinions expressed by him regarding the politics of Austria. Subsequently he was sent as Minister to China, where his diplomacy greatly benefited the United States. The Chinese Prime Minister, appreciating Mr. Burlingame's services, on his return home in 1867, requested him to act as Special Envoy to the United States and the leading European powers to establish treaties with them on behalf of China. He was instrumental in making treaties with the United States, Great Britain, Sweden, Prussia, Holland, and Denmark. While in St. Petersburg, negotiating with Russia, he was stricken with pneumonia, and died.

On the 22d day of May, when the Senate and the House had clothed themselves in mourning for a brother fallen in the battle of life in the distant state of Missouri, the senator from Massachusetts sat in the silence of the Senate chamber, engaged in the employments appertaining to his office, when a member from this House who had taken an oath to sustain the Constitution, stole into the Senate, that place which had hitherto been held sacred against violence, and smote him as Cain smote his brother.

One blow was enough; but it did not satiate the wrath of that spirit which had pursued him through

[1] Delivered in the House of Representatives. On May 22, 1856, Charles Sumner, senator for Massachusetts, was assaulted in the Senate chamber by Representative Brooks of South Carolina.

two days. Again and again, quicker and faster, fell the leaden blows, until he was torn away from his victim, when the senator from Massachusetts fell in the arms of his friends, and his blood ran down on the Senate floor. Sir, the act was brief, and my comments on it shall be brief also. I denounce it in the name of the Constitution it violated. I denounce it in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, which was stricken down by the blow. I denounce it in the name of civilization, which is outraged. I denounce it in the name of humanity. I denounce it in the name of that fair play which bullies and prize fighters respect. What! strike a man when he is pinioned — when he cannot respond to a blow! Call you that chivalry? In what code of honor did you get your authority for that? I do not believe that member has a friend so dear who must not, in his heart of hearts, condemn the act. Even the member himself, if he has left a spark of that chivalry and gallantry attributed to him, must loathe and scorn the act.

God knows I do not wish to speak unkindly, or in a spirit of revenge; but I owe it to my manhood and the noble state I in part represent, to express my deep abhorrence of the act. But much as I reprobate the act, much more do I reprobate the conduct of those who were by and saw the outrage perpetrated. Sir, especially do I notice the conduct of that senator recently from the free platform of Massachusetts, with the odor of her hospitality on him, who stood there, not only silent and quiet while it was going on, but, when it was over, approved the act. And worse; when he had time to cool, when he had slept on it, he went into the

Senate chamber of the United States and shocked the sensibilities of the world by approving it. Another senator did not take part because he feared his motives might be questioned, exhibiting as extraordinary a delicacy as that individual who refused to rescue a drowning mortal because he had not been introduced to him. Another was not on good terms; and yet, if rumor be true, that senator had declared that himself and family are more indebted to Mr. Sumner than to any other man; yet when he saw him borne bleeding by, he turned and went on the other side.[1] O magnanimous Slidell! O prudent Douglas! O audacious Toombs![2] Sir, there are questions arising out of this which far transcend those of a mere personal nature. Of those personal considerations I shall speak, when the question comes properly before us, if I am permitted to do so. The higher question involves the very existence of the government itself. If, sir, freedom of speech is not to remain to us, what is all this government worth? If we from Massachusetts, or any other State — senators, or members of the House — are to be called to account by some "gallant nephew"[3] of some "gallant uncle," we desire to know it. If the conflict is to be transferred from this peaceful, intel-

[1] Cf. Luke x. 31–32.

[2] Slidell, Douglas, Toombs. Members of the United States Senate who were present at the time of the assault. In 1861 Slidell was appointed Commissioner to France by the Confederate government. He and James M. Mason, the other commissioner, were seized on the high seas by Captain Charles Wilkes of the United States navy, and taken to the United States. Great Britain protested, and President Lincoln released them, after which Slidell went to England, and later to France.

[3] Mr. Brooks was a nephew of Senator Butler.

lectual field, to one where, it is said, "honors are easy and responsibilities equal," then we desire to know it. Massachusetts, if her sons and representatives are to have the rod held over them, if these things continue, the time may come — though she utters no threats — when she may be called upon to withdraw them to her own bosom, where she can furnish to them that protection which is not vouchsafed to them under the flag of their common country. But, while she permits us to remain, we shall do our duty — our whole duty. We shall speak whatever we choose to speak, when we will, where we will, and how we will, regardless of all consequences.

IN DEFENSE OF THE ATTACK ON SUMNER [1]

PRESTON S. BROOKS

(1856)

Preston Smith Brooks (1819–1857) was born in South Carolina. He was educated at South Carolina College ; was admitted to the Bar ; was elected to South Carolina legislature ; and served in the Mexican War. He was a member of Congress for three terms.

Some time since, a senator [2] from Massachusetts allowed himself, in an elaborately prepared speech, to offer a gross insult to my state,[3] and to a venerable friend [4] who is my state representative and who was absent at the time. Not content with that, he published to the world, and circulated extensively, this

[1] Delivered in the House of Representatives, 1856.
[2] Senator Sumner. [3] South Carolina. [4] Senator Butler.

uncalled-for libel on my state and my blood. Whoever insults my state insults me. Her history and character have commanded my pious veneration; and in her defense I hope I shall always be prepared, humbly and modestly, to perform the duty of a son. I should have forfeited my own self-respect, and perhaps the good opinion of my countrymen, if I had failed to resent such an injury by calling the offender in question to a personal account. It was a personal affair, and in taking redress into my own hands, I meant no disrespect to the Senate of the United States or this House.

But if I had committed a breach of privilege, it was the privilege of the Senate, and not of this House, which was violated. I was answerable there and not here. They had no right, as it seems to me, to prosecute me in these halls; nor have you the right in law or under the Constitution, as I respectfully submit, to take jurisdiction over offenses committed against them. The Constitution does not justify them in making such a request, nor this House in granting it. If, unhappily, the day should ever come when sectional or party feeling should run so high as to control all other considerations of public duty or justice, how easy it will be to use such precedents for the excuse of arbitrary power, in either House, to expel members of the minority who may have rendered themselves obnoxious to the prevailing spirit in the House to which they belong.

If I desired to kill the senator, why did I not do it? You all admit that I had him in my power. It was expressly to avoid taking life that I used an ordinary cane, presented to me by a friend in Baltimore nearly

three months before its application to the "bare head" of the Massachusetts senator. I went to work very deliberately, as I am charged, — and this is admitted, — and speculated somewhat as to whether I should employ a horsewhip or a cowhide; but knowing that the senator was my superior in strength, it occurred to me that he might wrest it from my hand, and then — for I never attempt anything I do not perform — I might have been compelled to do that which I would have regretted the balance of my natural life.

To such as have given their votes and made their speeches on the constitutional principles involved, and without indulging in personal vilification, I owe my respect. But, sir, they have written me down upon the history of the country as worthy of expulsion, and in no unkindness I must tell them that for all future time my self-respect requires that I shall pass them as strangers. And now, Mr. Speaker, I announce to you and to this House, that I am no longer a member of the Thirty-fourth Congress.

SPEECH TO THE COURT[1]

JOHN BROWN

(1859)

JOHN BROWN (1800–1859) was born at Torrington, Connecticut. He was one of the first settlers in Kansas, where he opposed the extension of slavery. In 1859, he went to Harper's Ferry, and seized the United States arsenal, with the intention of arming and liberating the slaves. For this act he was arrested, convicted of treason by the state of Virginia, and hanged.

I have, may it please the court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted — the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion or to make an insurrection.

[1] John Brown's last speech to the court which condemned him to death, after his raid on the government arsenal at Harper's Ferry.

I have another objection; and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case) — had I interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, — either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, — and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them.[1] It teaches me, further, to "remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." [2] I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments — I submit; so let it be done!

[1] Cf. Matthew vii. 12.

[2] Cf. Hebrews xiii. 3.

Let me say one word further.

I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention and what was not. I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind.

Let me say also a word in regard to the statements made by some of those connected with me. I hear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me. But the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. There is not one of them but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part of them at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with till the day they came to me; and that was for the purpose I have stated.

Now I have done.

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF THE NEGRO [1]

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

(1858)

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS (1813–1861), statesman, was born at Brandon, Vermont. In early life he removed to Illinois and was elected attorney-general of that state, and afterwards judge of the Supreme Court. He was a member of Congress for two terms, and later was elected United States senator. He took part in a notable series of debates on the slavery question, and in 1860 was an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency.

We are told by Lincoln that he is utterly opposed to the Dred Scott [2] decision, and will not submit to it, for the reason that he says it deprives the negro of the rights and privileges of citizenship. That is the first and main reason which he assigns for his warfare on the Supreme Court of the United States and its decision. I ask you, are you in favor of conferring upon

[1] From an address delivered in the first debate with Lincoln at Ottawa, Ill., 1858. This extract is taken from the Nicolay and Hay version, by permission of the Century Company.

[2] Dred Scott was a slave who had been taken by his master, an army surgeon, from Missouri to Illinois. By law he then became a free man. Later he was taken back to Missouri and sold. His new master assaulted him, and Scott brought action against him on the ground that he, Scott, was a free man. The case at last reached the Supreme Court of the United States, and a decision was rendered against Scott, on the ground that no one of slave ancestry has a citizen's rights before the courts. The court further stated that slaves were property, and that, therefore, Congress had no right to forbid slavery in the territories. This was equivalent to declaring that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional.

a negro the rights and privileges of citizenship? Do you desire to strike out of our state constitution that clause which keeps savages and free negroes out of the state, and allow the free negroes to flow in, and cover your prairies with black settlements? Do you desire to turn this beautiful state into a free negro colony, in order that, when Missouri abolishes slavery, she can send one hundred thousand emancipated slaves into Illinois, to become citizens and voters, on an equality with yourself? If you desire negro citizenship; if you desire to allow them to come into the state and settle with the white man; if you desire them to vote on an equality with yourselves, and to make them eligible to office, to serve on juries, and to adjudge your rights, then support Mr. Lincoln and the Black Republican party, who are in favor of the citizenship of the negro. For one, I am opposed to negro citizenship in any and every form. I believe this government was made on the white basis. I believe it was made by the white men and for their posterity forever; and I am in favor of confining citizenship to white men, men of European birth and descent, instead of conferring it upon negroes, Indians, and other inferior races.

Mr. Lincoln, following the example and lead of all the little abolition orators who go around and lecture in the basements of schools and churches, reads from the Declaration of Independence that all men were created equal, and then asks how can you deprive a negro of that equality which God and the Declaration of Independence award to him? He and they maintain that negro equality is guaranteed by the laws of God, and that it is asserted in the Declaration of Inde-

pendence. If they think so, of course they have a right to say so, and so vote. I do not question Mr. Lincoln's conscientious belief that the negro was made his equal, and hence is his brother; but for my own part, I do not regard the negro as my equal, and positively deny that he is my brother or any kin to me whatever.

I do not believe that the Almighty ever intended the negro to be the equal of the white man. If He did, He has been a long time demonstrating the fact. For thousands of years the negro has been a race upon the earth, and during all that time, in all latitudes and climates, wherever he has wandered or been taken, he has been inferior to the race which he had there met. He belongs to an inferior race, and must always occupy an inferior position. I do not hold that, because the negro is our inferior, therefore he ought to be a slave. By no means can such a conclusion be drawn from what I have said. On the contrary, I hold that the negro shall have and enjoy every right, every privilege, and every immunity consistent with the safety of the society in which he lives. On that point, I presume there can be no diversity of opinion. You and I are bound to extend to our inferior and dependent beings every right, every privilege, every faculty and immunity consistent with the public good.

Now, my friends, if we will only act conscientiously and rigidly upon the great principle of popular sovereignty, which guarantees to each state and territory the right to do as it pleases on all things, local and domestic, instead of Congress interfering, we will continue at peace one with another. Why should Illinois

be at war with Missouri, or Kentucky with Ohio, or Virginia with New York, merely because their institutions differ? This doctrine of Mr. Lincoln of uniformity among the institutions of the different states is a new doctrine, never dreamed of by Washington, Madison,[1] or the framers of this government. They knew that the North and the South, having different climates, productions, and interests, required different institutions. Mr. Lincoln and the Republican party set themselves up as wiser than these men who made this government, which has flourished for seventy years under the principle of popular sovereignty, recognizing the right of each state to do as it pleased.

Under that principle we have grown from a nation of three or four millions to a nation of about thirty millions of people; we have crossed the Alleghany Mountains and filled up the whole Northwest, turning the prairies into a garden and building up churches and schools, thus spreading civilization and Christianity where before there was nothing but savage barbarism. Under that principle we have become, from a feeble nation, the most powerful on the face of the earth, and if we only adhere to that principle, we can go forward increasing in territory, in power, in strength, and in glory until the republic of America shall be the north star that shall guide the friends of freedom throughout the civilized world. And why can we not adhere to the great principle of self-government upon which our institutions were originally based? I believe that this new doctrine preached by Mr. Lincoln and his party will dissolve the Union if it succeeds.

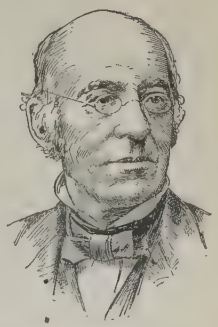
[1] James Madison, president of the United States from 1809 to 1817.

LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE[1]

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

(1859)

William Lloyd Garrison (1805–1879) was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts. He became interested in the slavery question, and was for a time publisher of an antislavery paper in Baltimore, Maryland. Later he removed to Boston, founding and editing the *Liberator*, a paper devoted to the abolition of slavery. At the time, public sentiment was against him, and he was mobbed in the streets of Boston; the same city, however, at the close of the Civil War, erected a statue to his memory.



God forbid that we should any longer continue the accomplices of thieves and robbers, of men-stealers and women-whippers! We must join in the name of freedom. As for the Union, where is it and what is it? In one half of it no man can exercise freedom of speech or the press — no man can utter the words of Washington,[2] of Jefferson,[2] of Patrick Henry[2] — except at the peril of his life; and Northern men are everywhere hunted and driven from the South, if they are supposed to cherish the sentiments of freedom in their bosoms. We are living under an awful despotism — that of a brutal slave oligarchy. And they threaten to leave us, if we do not continue to do their

[1] From an address delivered in Boston shortly after John Brown was hanged.

[2] See biographical notes, pp. 37, 64, 19, and selections from the addresses of Washington, Jefferson, and Henry.

work, as we have hitherto done it, and go down in the dust before them! Would to heaven they would go! It would only be the paupers clearing out from the town, would it not? But no, they do not mean to go; they mean to cling to you and they mean to subdue you.

But will you be subdued? I tell you our work is the dissolution of this slavery-cursed Union, if we would have a fragment of our liberties left to us! Surely between freemen, who believe in exact justice and impartial liberty, and slaveholders, who are for cleaving down all human rights at a blow, it is not possible there should be any union whatever. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" [1] The slaveholder with his hands dripping in blood — will I make a compact with him? The man who plunders cradles — will I say to him, "Brother, let us walk together in unity"? [2] The man who, to gratify his lust or his anger, scourges woman with the lash till the soil is red with her blood — will I say to him, "Give me your hand; let us form a glorious Union"? No, never — never! There can be no union between us — "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" [3] What union has freedom with slavery? Let us tell the inexorable and remorseless tyrants of the South that their conditions hitherto imposed upon us, whereby we are morally responsible for the existence of slavery, are horribly inhuman and wicked, and we cannot carry them out for the sake of their evil company.

By the dissolution of the Union we shall give the

[1] Cf. Amos iii. 3.
[2] Cf. Psalms cxxxiii. 1.
[3] Cf. II Corinthians vi. 15.

finishing blow to the slave system; and then God will make it possible for us to form a true, vital, enduring, all-embracing Union from the Atlantic to the Pacific; one God to be worshiped, one Savior to be revered, one policy to be carried out; freedom everywhere to all the people without regard to complexion or race; and the blessing of God resting upon us all! I want to see that glorious day! Now the South is full of tribulation and terror and despair, going down to irretrievable bankruptcy, and fearing each bush an officer! Would to God it might all pass away like a hideous dream! And how easily it might be! What is it that God required of the South, to remove every root of bitterness, to allay every fear, to fill her borders with prosperity? But one simple act of justice, without violence and convulsion, without danger and hazard. It is this: "Undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free!" [1]

[1] Cf. Isaiah lviii. 6.

ON WITHDRAWING FROM THE UNION[1]

JEFFERSON DAVIS

(1861)

JEFFERSON DAVIS (1808–1889), statesman, was born in Kentucky. He graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point, and served with distinction in the Mexican War. He was a member of Congress from Mississippi, and at the close of his service in the army was chosen United States senator from the same state. He was Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce. He was again elected to the Senate, but resigned when Mississippi seceded from the Union in 1861. He was president of the Confederate States from 1861 to 1865.

I rise, Mr. President, for the purpose of announcing to the Senate that I have satisfactory evidence that the state of Mississippi, by solemn ordinance of her people in convention assembled, has declared her separation from the United States. Under these circumstances, of course my functions are terminated here. It has seemed to me proper, however, that I should appear in the Senate to announce that fact to my associates; and I will say but very little more. The occasion does not invite me to go into argument, and my physical condition would not permit to do so, if it were otherwise; and yet it seems to become me to say something on the part of the state I hereby represent, on an occasion so solemn as this.

It has been a conviction of pressing necessity, it has

[1] From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, 1861.

been a belief that we are to be deprived in the Union of the rights which our fathers bequeathed to us, which has brought Mississippi into her present decision. She has heard proclaimed the theory that all men are created free and equal, and this made the basis of an attack upon her social institutions; and the sacred Declaration of Independence has been invoked to maintain the position of the equality of the races. That Declaration of Independence is to be construed by the circumstances and purposes for which it was made. The communities were asserting that no man was born — to use the language of Mr. Jefferson — booted and spurred to ride over the rest of mankind; that men were created equal — meaning the men of the political community; that there was no divine right to rule; that no man inherited the right to govern; that there were no classes by which power and place descended to families, but that all stations were equally within the grasp of each member of the body politic. These were the great principles they announced; these were the purposes for which they made their declaration; these were the ends to which their enunciation was directed. They have no reference to the slave, else how happened it that among the items of arraignment made against George III was that he endeavored to do just what the North has been endeavoring of late to do — to stir up insurrection among our slaves? Had the Declaration announced that the negroes were free and equal, how was the prince to be arraigned for stirring up insurrection among them? And how was this to be enumerated among the high crimes which caused the colonies to sever their connection with the mother country?

When our Constitution was formed, the same idea was rendered more palpable, for there we find provision made for that very class of persons as property; they were not put upon the footing of equality with white men, not even upon that of paupers and convicts; but so far as representation was concerned, were discriminated against as a lower caste, only to be represented in the numerical proportion of three fifths. Then, senators, we recur to the compact which binds us together; we recur to the principles upon which our government was founded; and when you deny them, and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from a government which, thus perverted, threatens to be destructive of our rights, we but tread in the path of our fathers when we proclaim our independence, and take the hazard. This is done, not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit, but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our sacred duty to transmit unshorn to our children.

I find in myself, perhaps, a type of the general feeling of my constituents toward yours. I am sure I feel no hostility to you, senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people whom I represent toward those whom you represent. I therefore feel that I but express their desire when I say I hope, and they hope, for peaceful relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually benefi-

cial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country; and if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear;[1] and thus, putting our trust in God, and in our firm hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may. I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision; but whatever of offense there has been to me, I leave here; I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offense I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which, in heat of discussion, I have inflicted. I go hence unencumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.

Mr. President and senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu.

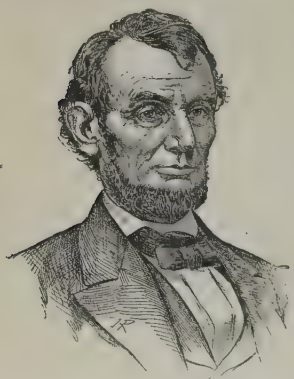
[1] I Samuel xvii. 37.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT[1]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(1861)

Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865), statesman, was born in Kentucky. He had few educational advantages in early life, and to the people of to-day he is known as a "chimney-corner graduate." At the outbreak of the Black Hawk War he was elected captain of a company of volunteers. He served several terms in the state legislature. He was elected to the 30th Congress, and while in Congress opposed the extension of slavery. He was twice an unsuccessful candidate for the United States Senate. In 1860 he was elected president, and reëlected in 1864.



Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. It is impossible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before. Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends?

[1] From Lincoln's first inaugural address, March 4, 1861.

Suppose you go to war; you cannot fight always, and when, after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the national Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse.

I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution — which amendment, however, I have not seen — has passed Congress, to the effect that the federal government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the states, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments so far as to say that, holding such

a provision to now be applied constitutional law, I have no objections to its being made express and irrevocable.

The chief magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the states. The people themselves can do this also if they choose; but the executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government, as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never

take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time, but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulties.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

THE NECESSITY OF UNION[1]

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

(1861)

But this is no time for a detail of causes. The conspiracy is now known. Armies have been raised, war is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war: only patriots or — traitors.

We cannot close our eyes to the sad and solemn fact that war does exist. The government must be maintained, its enemies overthrown; and the more stupendous our preparations, the less the bloodshed, and the shorter the struggle will be. But we must remember certain restraints on our action, even in time of war. We are a Christian people, and the war must be prosecuted in a manner recognized by Christian nations.

We must not invade constitutional rights. The innocent must not suffer, nor women and children be the victims. Savages must not be let loose. But while I sanction no war on the rights of others, I will implore my countrymen not to lay down their arms until our own rights are recognized.

The Constitution and its guarantees are our birthright, and I am ready to enforce that inalienable right to the last extent. We cannot recognize secession.

[1] From an address delivered in Chicago, 1861. Douglas had been the rival of Lincoln in two great political contests. In this speech he came to the support of the government of which Lincoln was the head.

Recognize it once, and you have destroyed social order, and upturned the foundations of society. You have inaugurated anarchy in its worst form, and will shortly experience all the horrors of the French Revolution.

Then we have a solemn duty to maintain the government. The greater our unanimity, the speedier the day of peace. We have prejudices to overcome from a fierce party contest waged a few short months since. Yet these must be allayed. Let us lay aside all criminations and recriminations as to the origin of these difficulties. When we shall have again a country, with the United States flag floating over it, and respected on every inch of American soil, it will then be time enough to ask who and what brought all this upon us.

THE NATIONAL FLAG[1]

EDWARD D. BAKER

(1861)

Edward Dickinson Baker (1811–1861) was born in London, England. His family removed to America when he was but four years old. He studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in Springfield, Illinois. He was a member of the national House of Representatives from Illinois, and served with distinction in the Mexican War. From 1851 to 1861, he was a resident of California. In 1861 he became a resident of Oregon, the same year being elected to the United States Senate. He volunteered for active service in the Civil War, and at the battle of Ball's Bluff was mortally wounded.

The national banners, leaning from ten thousand windows in your city to-day, proclaim your affection

[1] This address was delivered at a war meeting in New York, 1861.

and reverence for the Union. You will gather in battalions —

> "Patient in toil, serene amidst alarms,
> Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms."

As you gather, every omen of present concord and ultimate peace will surround you. The ministers of religion, the priests of literature, the historians of the past, the illustrators of the present, capital, science, art, invention, discoveries, the work of genius, — all these will attend us in our march, and we will conquer. And, if, from the far Pacific, a voice feebler [1] than the feeblest murmur upon its shore may be heard to give you courage and hope in the contest, that voice is yours to-day; and if a man whose hair is gray, who is well-nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion and in such an audience, let me say, as my last word, that when, amid sheeted fire and flame, I saw and led the hosts of New York as they charged [2] in contest upon a foreign soil for the honor of your flag, so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword, never yet dishonored — not to fight for distant honor in a foreign land, but to fight for country, for home, for law, for government, for constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity; and in the hope that the banner of my country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves, there glory may pursue and freedom be established.

[1] Referring to himself. [2] In the Mexican War.

THE STARS AND STRIPES[1]

ROBERT C. WINTHROP

(1861)

ROBERT C. WINTHROP (1809–1894), statesman, was born at Boston, Massachusetts. He graduated at Harvard College, studied law with Daniel Webster, and practiced in Boston. He was elected from Massachusetts to Congress for five terms, serving as speaker of the House in the 30th Congress. He was appointed United States senator by Governor Briggs, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Daniel Webster. His most notable orations were delivered at the laying of the corner stone of Washington Monument, Washington, D.C.; the 250th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims; the centennial of the Declaration of Independence; and that of the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown.

"The American Union, it must be and shall be preserved!"

We owe it, sir, to the memory of our fathers, we owe it to the hopes of our children, we owe it to the cause of free institutions, and of good government of every sort throughout the world, to make the effort, cost what it may of treasure of blood, and, with God's help, to accomplish the result.

I have said enough, and more than enough, to manifest the spirit in which this flag is now committed to your charge. It is the national ensign, pure and simple, dearer to all our hearts at this moment, as we lift it to the gale, and see no other sign of hope upon the storm cloud which rolls and rattles above it, save that which is reflected from its own radiant hues, dearer, a thou-

[1] From an address delivered at the presentation of a flag to a volunteer regiment, Boston, 1861.

sand fold dearer to us all, than ever it was before, while gilded by the sunshine of prosperity and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself far more eloquently than I can speak for it.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard.[1] There is magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and every perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories, and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and among the dead; and of him, the first and greatest of them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has so long been raging — "the abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not." [2] But before all and above all other associations and memories — whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places — its voice is ever of union and liberty, of the Constitution and the laws.

Behold it! Listen to it! Let it tell the story of its birth to these gallant volunteers as they march beneath its folds by day, or repose beneath its sentinel stars by night.

Let it recall to them the strange, eventful history of its rise and progress; let it rehearse to them the wonderful tale of its trials and its triumphs, in peace as well as in war; and whatever else may happen to it, or to

[1] Psalm xix. 3. [2] Mark xiii. 14.

them, it will never be surrendered to rebels, never be ignominiously struck to treason, nor ever be prostituted to any unworthy and unchristian purpose of revenge, depredation, or rapine.

And may a merciful God cover the head of each one of its brave defenders in the hour of battle!

LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND[1]

WENDELL PHILLIPS

(1861)

WENDELL PHILLIPS (1811–1884), abolitionist, was born at Boston, Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard College and at the Harvard Law School. He was foremost in opposing the slave measures of 1841 to 1850. He was one of the first to favor the enlistment of colored regiments in Massachusetts. His panegyric on "Toussaint L'Ouverture" was delivered in 1863, in New York and Brooklyn. He strongly opposed the reëlection of President Lincoln. He refused the nomination for governor of Massachusetts on the Republican ticket. His last address was made at the exercises attending the unveiling of the statue of Harriet Martineau, at the Old South Meeting House, Boston.

I rejoice before God to-day for every word that I have spoken counseling peace; but I rejoice also with an especially profound gratitude, that now, the first time in my antislavery life, I speak under the stars and stripes, and welcome the tread of Massachusetts men mar-

[1] From an address delivered in Boston in 1861, shortly after the capture of Fort Sumter.

shaled for war. No matter what the past has been or said; to-day the slave asks God for a sight of this banner, and counts it the pledge of his redemption. Hitherto it may have meant what you thought, or what I did; to-day it represents sovereignty and justice. The only mistake that I have made was in supposing Massachusetts wholly choked with cotton dust and cankered with gold. The South thought her patient and generous willingness for peace was cowardice; to-day shows the mistake. She has been sleeping on her arms since 1783,[1] and the first cannon shot brings her to her feet with the war cry of the revolution on her lips. Any man who loves either liberty or manhood must rejoice at such an hour.

Let me tell you the path by which I at least have trod my way up to this conclusion. I do not acknowledge the motto, in its full, broad significance, "Our country, right or wrong." [2] If you let it trespass on the domain of morals, it is knavish. But there is a full, broad sphere for loyalty; and no war cry ever stirred a generous people that had not in it much of truth and right. It is sublime, this rally of a great people to the defense of what they think their national honor! A "noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man from sleep, and shaking her invincible locks." Just now, we saw her "reposing, peaceful, and motionless; but at the call of patriotism she ruffles, as it were,

[1] In 1783 the last British troops left the shores of the United States.

[2] Stephen Decatur, the naval hero, offered the following toast at a banquet at Norfolk in 1816: —

"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong!"

her swelling plumage, collects her scattered elements of strength, and awakens her dormant thunders." [1]

The government has waited until its best friends almost suspected its courage and its integrity; but the cannon shot against Fort Sumter has opened the only door out of this hour. There were but two. One was compromise; the other was battle. The integrity of the North closed the first; the generous forbearance of nineteen States closed the other. The South opened this with cannon shot, and Lincoln shows himself at the door.

The war, then, is not aggressive, but in self-defense, and Washington has become the Thermopylæ [2] of Liberty and Justice. Rather than surrender that capital, cover every square foot of it with living bodies; crowd it with a million men, and empty every bank vault in the North to pay the cost. Teach the world once for all, that North America belongs to the Stars and Stripes, and under them no man shall wear a chain. In the whole of this conflict I have looked only at liberty — only at the slave. Perry [3] entered the battle of the lakes with "Don't give up the ship!" floating from the masthead of the *Lawrence*. When with his fighting flag he left her crippled, heading north, and, mounting the deck of the *Niagara*, turned her bows due west, he did all for one and the same purpose — to rake the

[1] From Milton's "Areopagitica."

[2] Where the Greeks under Leonidas offered the first resistance on Greek soil to the host of Xerxes, during the second Persian invasion (480 B.C.).

[3] Oliver Hazard Perry defeated the British on Lake Erie in 1813. His flagship, the *Lawrence*, was disabled in the early part of the fight. He transferred his flag to the *Niagara*.

decks of the foe. Steer north or west, acknowledge secession or cannonade it. I care not which; but "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." [1]

The result is as sure as the throne of God. I believe in the possibility of justice, in the certainty of union. Years hence, when the smoke of this conflict clears away, the world will see under our banner all tongues, all creeds, all races, one brotherhood; and on the banks of the Potomac, the Genius of Liberty, robed in light, four and thirty stars for her diadem; broken chains under her feet, and an olive branch in her right hand.

[1] This is the inscription upon the rim of the bell in the old State House at Philadelphia — the bell which was rung to announce the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.

GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE[1]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(1863)

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to an unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve

[1] Spoken at the dedication of the national cemetery on the field of Gettysburg, November, 1863.

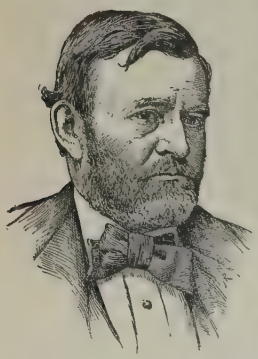
that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

GRANT'S FAREWELL[1]

ULYSSES S. GRANT

(1865)

Ulysses S. Grant (1822–1885), soldier and statesman, was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio. He was appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point, and after graduating from that institution, served with distinction in the Mexican War. Not finding army life congenial, he resigned his commission, and returned to St. Louis, settling on a farm. He was not successful as a farmer, and soon removed to Galena, Illinois, where he served as a clerk in his father's store. At the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the volunteer service as colonel of the 21st Illinois Infantry. He steadily rose in rank, being made in turn brigadier general of volunteers, major general of volunteers, major general in the regular army, and lieutenant general (the rank having been revived by Congress). Finally he was appointed general of the army, a grade created by act of Congress in recognition of his services in the Civil War. He was twice elected president of the United States. At the close of his second term he made a memorable tour of the world.



Soldiers of the armies of the United States: By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger

[1] Grant bade farewell to all the armies of the republic in Washington, June 2, 1865.

and alarm, your magnificent fighting, bravery, and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws and of the proclamations forever abolishing slavery, the cause and pretext for the rebellion, and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil. Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution, and brilliancy of results, dim the luster of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defense of liberty and right in all time to come.

In obedience to your country's call you left your homes and families and volunteered in its defense. Victory has crowned your valor, and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens. To achieve these glorious triumphs and secure to yourselves, your fellow countrymen, and posterity the blessing of free institutions, ten thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen, and sealed the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

THE RETURNING LEGIONS[1]

T. DE WITT TALMAGE

(1865)

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE (1832–1902), preacher, was born at Bound Brook, New Jersey. He was educated at the University of the City of New York, and at the New Brunswick Theological Seminary. He entered the ministry and served as pastor at Belleville, New Jersey. He afterwards held important charges at Syracuse, Philadelphia, and at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Later he assumed the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, at Washington, D.C., resigning to engage in literary work. He was editor of several papers, the most notable of which was the *Christian Herald.*

God knew that the day was stupendous, and he cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and sprung the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage shook out its welcome, as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long Bridge and in almost interminable line passed over. The Capitol never seemed so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down, billow after billow. Passing in silence, yet I heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions,

[1] A description of the grand review of the Union troops at Washington after the Civil War.

brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank after rank; ever moving, ever passing; marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp — thousands after thousands, battery front, arms shouldered, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril.

Commanders on horses whose manes were entwined with roses, and necks enchained with garlands, fractious at the shouts that ran along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultuous vociferation of hundreds of thousands of enraptured multitudes, crying "Huzza!" Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon wagons, ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crushed and the dying that they had carried. These men came from balmy Minnesota, those from Illinois prairies. These were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon, those were New England lumbermen. Those came out of the coal shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause, consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville [1] and Kenesaw Mountain [2] and Fredericksburg,[3] in lines that seemed infinite, they passed on.

We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come; but no! Looking

[1] General Hooker, in command of the Northern troops, was defeated by General Lee at Chancellorsville in 1863.

[2] General Sherman was repulsed on his march to Atlanta by General J. E. Johnston at Kenesaw Mountain (1864).

[3] General Burnside was defeated by General Lee at Fredericksburg in 1862.

from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril, coming as it were from the under the Capitol. Forward! Their bayonets caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed like one long river of silver, ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession, no rest for the eyes. We turned our heads from the scene, unable to longer look. We felt disposed to stop our ears, but still we heard it, marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp. But hush — uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on and wring their hands. But wheel into line all ye people! North, South, East, West — all decades, all centuries, all millenniums! Forward, the whole line! Huzza! Huzza!

A JUST AND LASTING PEACE[1]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(1865)

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy

[1] From Lincoln's second inaugural address, delivered March 4, 1865.

it with war, seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let it perish, and the war came. One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it.

These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes.

"Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." [1]

[1] Matthew xviii. 7.

If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offenses came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believer in a living God always ascribes to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God will that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." [1]

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battles, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

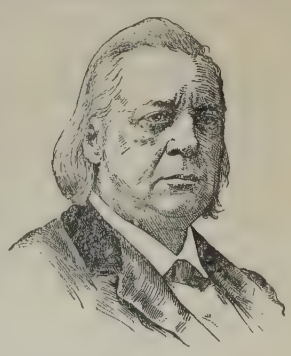
[1] Psalm xix. 9.

BEHOLD OUR FLAG![1]

HENRY WARD BEECHER

(1865)

Henry Ward Beecher (1813–1887) was born at Litchfield, Connecticut. He was educated at Amherst College, and at Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati. He became pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, and later, editor of the New York *Independent*, taking an active part in the presidential election of 1864. In 1865, at the request of the United States government, he delivered an anniversary address at Fort Sumter. He was editor of the *Christian Union*, a lecturer at the Yale Divinity School, and the author of numerous books.



When God would prepare Moses for emancipation, he overthrew his first steps and drove him for forty years to brood in the wilderness. When our flag came down, four years it lay brooding in darkness. It cried to the Lord, "Wherefore am I deposed?" Then arose before it a vision of its sin. It had strengthened the strong, and forgotten the weak. It proclaimed liberty, but trod upon slaves. In that seclusion it dedicated itself to liberty. Behold, to-day, it fulfills its vows! When it went down, four million people had no flag. To-day it rises, and four million people cry out, "Behold our flag!" Hark! they murmur. It is the gospel that they recite in sacred words: "It is a gospel to the

[1] From an address delivered in 1865, within the walls of Fort Sumter, four years after its surrender to the Confederate army.

poor, it heals our broken hearts, it preaches deliverance to captives, it gives sight to the blind, it sets at liberty them that are bruised." [1]

Rise up, then, glorious gospel banner, and roll out these messages of God. Tell the air that not a spot now sullies thy whiteness. Thy red is not the blush of shame, but the flush of joy. Tell the dews that wash thee that thou art as pure as they. Say to the night that thy stars lead toward the morning; and to the morning, that a brighter day arises, with healing in its wings.[2] And then, O glowing flag, bid the sun pour light on all thy folds with double brightness while thou art bearing round and round the world the solemn joy — a race set free! a nation redeemed! The almighty hand of government, made strong in war by the favor of the God of battles, spreads wide to-day the banner of liberty that went down in darkness, that arose in light; and there it streams, like the sun, above it, neither parceled out nor monopolized, but flooding the air with light for all mankind.

Ye scattered and broken, ye wounded and dying, bitten by the fiery serpents of oppression, everywhere, in all the world, look upon this sign, lifted up, and live! And ye homeless and houseless slaves, look, and ye are free! At length you, too, have part and lot in this glorious ensign that broods with impartial love over small and great, the poor and the strong, the bond and the free. In this solemn hour, let us pray for the quick coming of reconciliation and happiness under this common flag.

[1] Cf. Luke iv. 18.

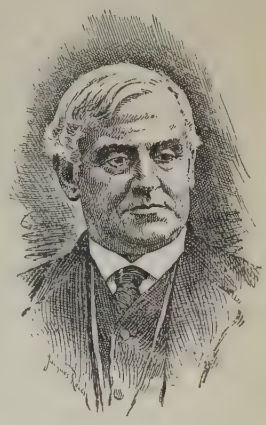
[2] Cf. Malachi iv. 2.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN[1]

PHILLIPS BROOKS

(1865)

Phillips Brooks (1835–1893) was born at Boston, Massachusetts, and was educated at Harvard College. For a time he was an instructor in the Boston Latin School, later entering the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia. He became rector of the Church of the Advent, in Philadelphia. In recognition of his brilliant efforts to awaken in the minds of his hearers an ardent and patriotic feeling during the dark days of the Civil War, he was made a member of the Loyal Legion. He received the degree of D.D. from Union College, from Harvard College, from Oxford, and from Columbia, and was pastor of Trinity Church, in Boston, for twenty years. In October, 1891, he was consecrated Bishop of Massachusetts.



It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's that they reunite what God has joined together and man has put asunder.[2] In him was vindicated the greatness and real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh.[3] Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave

[1] From a funeral sermon on the "Life and Death of Abraham Lincoln," delivered in Philadelphia shortly after the death of Lincoln in 1865.

[2] Cf. Matthew xix. 6.

[3] Cf. Genesis ii. 25.

came most from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them, they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things. In him goodness and intelligence combined, and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. This union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children; but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and reverend simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen of God to fill his purposes when he needs a ruler for his people, of faithful and true heart, such as he had who was our President.

Another evident quality of such a character as this will be its freshness or newness, if we may so speak. Its freshness or readiness, — call it what you will, — its ability to take up new duties and do them in a new way, will result of necessity from its truth and clearness. The simple natures and forces will always be the most pliant ones. Water bends and shapes itself to any channel. Air folds and adapts itself to each new figure. They are the simplest and the most infinitely active things in nature. So this nature, in very virtue of its simplicity, must be also free, always fitting itself to each new need. It will always start from the most fundamental and eternal conditions, and work in the straightest, even although they may be the newest, ways to the present prescribed purpose. In one word, it must be broad and independent and radical. So that

freedom and radicalness in the character of Abraham Lincoln were not separate qualities, but the necessary results of his simplicity and childlikeness and truth.

Here, then, we have some conception of the man. Out of this character came the life which we admire, and the death which we lament to-day. He was called in that character to that life and death. It was just the nature, as you see, which a new nation such as ours ought to produce. All the conditions of his birth, his youth, his manhood, which made him what he was, were not irregular and exceptional, but were the normal conditions of a new and simple country. His pioneer home in Indiana was a type of the pioneer land in which he lived. If ever there was a man who was a part of the time and country he lived in, this was he. The same simple respect for labor won in the school of work and incorporated into blood and muscle; the same unassuming loyalty to the same virtues of temperance and industry and integrity; the same sagacious judgment with which he learned to be quick-eyed and quick-brained in the constant presence of emergency; the same direct and clear thought about things social, political, and religious, that was in him supremely, was in the people he was sent to rule. Surely, with such a type-man for ruler there would seem to be but a smooth and even road over which he might lead the people whose character he represented into the new region of national happiness and comfort and usefulness, for which that character had been designed.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN [1]

HENRY WARD BEECHER

(1865)

At last the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out the darkness, and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land. Then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us.

Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul. Thou hast indeed entered the promised land, while we are yet on the march. To us remain the rocking of the deep, the storm upon the land, days of duty and nights of watching; but thou art sphered high above all darkness and fear, beyond all sorrow and weariness. Rest, O weary heart! Rejoice exceedingly, thou that hast enough suffered! Thou hast beheld Him who, invisible, led thee in this great wilderness. Thou standest among the elect. Around thee are the royal men that have ennobled life in every age. Kingly art thou, with glory on thy brow as a diadem. And joy is upon thee for evermore. Over all this land, over all the little clouds of years that now from thine infinite horizon move back

[1] This is an extract from a sermon preached by Henry Ward Beecher, in Brooklyn, shortly after the death of Lincoln in 1865. From "Modern Eloquence," by permission of John D. Morris & Company, Philadelphia.

as a speck, thou art lifted up as the star is above the clouds that hide us, but never reach it. In the goodly company of Mount Zion [1] thou shalt find that rest which thou hast sorrowing sought in vain; and thy name, an everlasting name in heaven, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as men shall last upon the earth, or hearts remain, to revere truth, fidelity, and goodness.

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. That peace was sure; that government was firmer than ever; that the land was cleansed of plague; that the ages were opening to our footsteps, and we were to begin a march of blessings; that blood was stanched, and scowling enmities were sinking like storms beneath the horizon; that the dear fatherland, nothing lost, much gained, was to rise up in unexampled honor among the nations of the earth — these thoughts, and that undistinguishable throng of fancies, and hope, and desires, and yearnings, that filled the soul with tremblings like the heated air of midsummer days, — all these kindled up such a surge of joy as no words may describe.

[1] Mount Zion was one of the hills of Jerusalem. The name is used figuratively for heaven.

In one hour joy lay without pulse, without gleam or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and up the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow — noon and midnight, without a space between.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh.[1] Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead?[2] Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome. Your sorrows, O people, are his peace. Your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God make it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on.

[1] Cf. Hebrews xi. 4.

[2] John Hampden, who resisted illegal taxation by Charles I. He was killed at the battle of Chalgrove Field.

GETTYSBURG [1]

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

(1869)

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS (1835–) was born at Boston, Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard College; engaged in the practice of law; and served with distinction in the Civil War. For six years he was president of the Union Pacific Railroad. He also served on the Board of Overseers of Harvard University.

Three weeks before, in the middle of June, I, a captain of cavalry, had taken the field at the head of one hundred mounted men, the joy and pride of my life. Through twenty days of almost incessant conflict the hand of death had been heavy upon us, and now, upon the eve of Gettysburg, thirty-four of the hundred only remained, and our comrades were dead on the field of battle, or languishing in hospitals, or prisoners in the hand of the enemy. Six brave fellows we buried in one grave where they fell on the heights of Aldie. It was late on the evening of the 1st of July that there came to us rumors of heavy fighting at Gettysburg, nearly forty miles away. The regiment happened then to be detached, and its orders for the second were to move in the rear of Sedgwick's corps [2] and see that no man left the column.

[1] This oration was delivered at Quincy on the 4th of July, 1869. The battle of Gettysburg was fought on July 2 and July 3, 1863. On the day following, the hostile armies lay facing one another. July 4 is, therefore, practically the anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg.

[2] General John Sedgwick (1813–1864) reached Gettysburg on the second day of the battle, after an extraordinary forced march.

All that day we marched to the sound of the cannon; Sedgwick, very grim and stern, was pressing forward his tired men, and he soon saw that for once there would be no stragglers from the rear to the head of the hurrying column; the roar of battle grew more distinct, until at last we crowned a hill, and the contest broke upon us. Across the deep valley, some two miles away, we could see the white smoke of the bursting shells, while below, the sharp, incessant rattle of the musketry told of the fierce struggle that was going on. Before us ran the straight, white, dusty road, choked with artillery, ambulances, caissons, ammunition trains, all pressing forward to the field of battle, while mixed among them, their bayonets gleaming through the dust like wavelets on a river of steel, tired, footsore, hungry, thirsty, begrimed with sweat and dust, the gallant infantry of Sedgwick's corps hurried to the sound of the cannon as men might have flocked to a feast.

Moving rapidly forward, we crossed the brook which runs so prominently across the map of the field of battle, and halted on its farther side to await orders. Hardly had I dismounted from my horse, when, looking back, I saw that the head of the column had reached the brook, and deployed and halted on its other bank, and already the stream was filled with naked men shouting with pleasure as they washed off the sweat of their long day's march. Even as I looked, the noise of the battle grew louder, and soon the symptoms of movement were evident. The rappel[1] was heard, the bathers hurriedly clad themselves, the ranks were formed, and the sharp, quick snap of the percussion

[1] Rappel: recall.

caps told us the men were preparing their weapons for action. Almost immediately a general officer rode rapidly to the front of the line, addressed to it a few brief, energetic words, the short, sharp order to move by the flank was given, followed by the "double-quick"; the officer placed himself at the head of the column, and that brave infantry, which had marched almost forty miles since the setting of yesterday's sun — which during that day had hardly known either sleep, or food, or rest, or shelter from the July heat — now, as the shadows grew long, hurried forward on the run to take its place in the front of battle and to bear up the reeling fortunes of the day.

Twenty-four hours later we stood on that same ground. Many dear friends had yielded up their young lives during the hours which had elapsed, but, though twenty thousand fellow creatures were wounded or dead around us, though the floodgates of heaven seemed open and the torrents fell upon the quick and the dead, yet the elements seemed electrified with a certain magnetic influence of victory, and, as the great army sank down, overwearied in its tracks, it felt that the crisis and danger was passed — that Gettysburg was immortal.

May I not, then, well express the hope that never again may we or ours be called upon so to celebrate this anniversary. And yet, now that the passionate hopes and fears of those days are all over, — now that the grief which can never be forgotten is softened and modified by the soothing hand of time, — now that the distracting doubts and untold anxieties are buried and almost forgotten, we love to remember the gathering of the

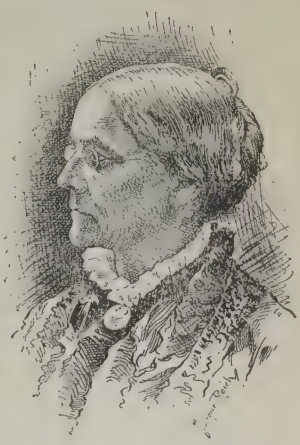
hosts, to hear again in memory the shock of battle, and to wonder at the magnificence of the drama. The passion and the excitement are gone, and we can look at the work we have done and pronounce upon it. I do not fear the sober judgment. Our work was a good work. It was well done, and it was done thoroughly. Some one has said, "Happy is the people which has no history." Not so! As it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, so it is better to have lived greatly, even though we have suffered greatly, than to have passed a long life of inglorious ease. Our generation, yes! we ourselves have been a part of great things. We have suffered greatly and greatly rejoiced; we have drunk deep of the cup of joy and sorrow; we have tasted the agony of defeat, and we have supped full with the pleasures of victory. We have proved ourselves equal to great deeds, and have learned what qualities were in us, which in more peaceful times we ourselves did not suspect.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO THE SUFFRAGE[1]

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

(1873)

Susan Brownell Anthony (1820–1906) was born at South Adams, Massachusetts. She was educated at a Friends' school in West Philadelphia and for some time taught school in New York state. Her first speech was made at a New York Teachers' Association. This speech, while extremely brief, "was an act of unparalleled audacity" at that day. She began to speak in behalf of temperance, of which she was an enthusiastic advocate. She was also an ardent Abolitionist. She was president of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, and was a delegate to the International Congress of Women in London, England, in 1899.



Friends and Fellow Citizens: I stand before you to-night under indictment for the alleged crime of having voted at the last presidential election, without having a lawful right to vote. It shall be my work this evening to prove to you that, in thus voting, I not only committed no crime, but instead, simply exercised my citizen's rights, guaranteed to me and all United States citizens by the National Constitution, beyond the power of any state to deny.

[1] Delivered after Miss Anthony had been fined for voting at the presidential election of 1872. The fine was never paid. This selection is taken from the version found in "The World's Famous Orations," by permission of Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." [1]

It was we, the people; not we, the white male citizens; nor yet we, the male citizens; but we, the whole people who formed the Union. And we formed it, not to give the blessings of liberty, but to secure them; not to the half of ourselves and the half of our posterity, but to the whole people, women as well as men. And it is a downright mockery to talk to women of their enjoyment of the blessings of liberty while they are denied the use of the only means of securing them provided by this democratic-republican government — the ballot.

For any state to make sex qualification that must ever result in the disfranchisement of one entire half of the people is to pass a bill of attainder, or an *ex post facto* law, and is therefore a violation of the supreme law of the land. By it the blessings of liberty are forever withheld from women and their female posterity. To them this government has no just powers derived from the consent of the governed. To them this government is not a democracy. It is not a republic. It is an odious aristocracy; a hateful oligarchy of sex; the most hateful aristocracy ever established on the face of the globe. An oligarchy of wealth, where the rich govern the poor, an oligarchy of learning, where the educated

[1] The preamble to the Constitution of the United States of America.

govern the ignorant, or even an oligarchy of race, where the Saxon rules the African, might be endured; but this oligarchy of sex, which makes father, brothers, husband, sons, the oligarchs over the mother and sisters, the wife and daughters of every household — which ordains all men sovereigns, all women subjects, carries dissension, discord, and rebellion into every home of the nation.

Webster, Worcester, and Bouvier [1] all define a citizen to be a person in the United States, entitled to vote and hold office.

The only question left to be settled now is: Are women persons? And I hardly believe any of our opponents will have the hardihood to say they are not. Being persons, then, women are citizens; and no State has a right to make any law, or to enforce any old law, that shall abridge their privileges or immunities. Hence, every discrimination against women in the constitutions and laws of the several States is to-day null and void, precisely as is every one against negroes.

[1] Lexicographers.

EULOGY ON CHARLES SUMNER[1]

CARL SCHURZ

(1874)

Carl Schurz (1829–1906), diplomat, was born in Prussia, and was educated at the University of Bonn. He was an active Revolutionist, and for this reason he was forced to leave his native city. He joined the Revolutionary army, and later fled to Switzerland. He returned to Germany, and afterwards moved to London, where for a time he taught school. Upon coming to the United States, he engaged in the practice of law. He was appointed United States Minister to Spain, but resigned to enter the volunteer army, at the outbreak of the Civil War. He was senator from Missouri, Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Hayes, and editor of the New York *Evening Post*.

Honor to the people of Massachusetts, who for twenty-three years kept in the Senate, and would have kept him there ever so long, had he lived, a man who never, even to them, conceded a single iota of his convictions in order to remain there! And what a life was his! a life so wholly devoted to what was good and pure. There he stood in the midst of the grasping materialism of our times, around him the eager chase for the almighty dollar, no thought of opportunity ever entering the smallest corner of his mind, and disturbing his

[1] From a eulogy delivered in Music Hall, Boston, in 1874. Cf. biographical note on Charles Sumner, p. 115; also the selection, "The Assault on Sumner," p. 118.

high endeavors; with a virtue which the possession of power could not even tempt, much less debauch; from whose presence the very thought of corruption instinctively shrunk back; a life so spotless, an integrity so intact, a character so high, that the most daring eagerness of calumny, the most wanton audacity of insinuation, standing on tiptoe, could not touch the soles of his shoes.

They say that he indulged in overweening self-appreciation. Aye, he did have a magnificent pride, a lofty self-esteem. Why should he not? Let wretches despise themselves, for they have good reason to do so; not he. But in his self-esteem there was nothing small and mean; no man lived to whose nature envy and petty jealousy were more foreign. Conscious of his own merit, he never depreciated the merit of others; nay, he not only recognized it, but he expressed that recognition with that cordial spontaneity which can only flow from a sincere and generous heart. His pride of self was like his pride of country. He was the proudest American; he was the proudest New Englander; and yet he was the most cosmopolitan American I have ever seen. There was in him not the faintest shadow of that narrow prejudice which looks askance at what has grown in foreign lands. His generous heart and his enlightened mind were too generous and too enlightened not to give the fullest measure of appreciation to all that was good and worthy, from whatever quarter of the globe it came.

And now his home. There are those around me who have breathed the air of his house in Washington, that atmosphere of refinement, taste, scholarship, art,

friendship, and warm-hearted hospitality; who have seen those rooms covered and filled with his pictures, his engravings, his statues, his bronzes, his books and rare manuscripts, — the collections of a lifetime, the image of the richness of his mind, the comfort and consolation of his solitude. They have beheld his childlike smile of satisfaction when he unlocked the most precious of his treasures and told their stories.

They remember the conversation at his hospitable board, genially inspired and directed by him, on arts and books and inventions and great times and great men, when suddenly, sometimes by accident, a new mine of curious knowledge disclosed itself in him, which his friends had never known he possessed; or when a sunburst of the affectionate gentleness of his soul warmed all hearts around him. They remembered his craving for friendship, as it spoke through the far outstretched hand when you arrived, and the glad exclamations, "I am so happy you came!" and the beseeching, almost despondent tone when you departed, "Do not leave me yet; do stay awhile longer, I want so much to speak with you!" It is all gone now. He could not stay himself; and he has left his friends behind, feeling more deeply than ever that no man could know him well but to love him.

Now we have laid him into his grave in the motherly soil of Massachusetts, which was so dear to him. He is at rest now — the stalwart, brave old champion, whose face and bearing were so austere, and whose heart was so full of tenderness; who began his career with a pathetic plea for universal peace and charity, and whose whole life was an arduous, incessant, never resting

struggle which left him all covered with scars. And we can do nothing for him but commemorate his lofty ideals of liberty and equality and justice and reconciliation and purity, and the earnestness and courage and touching fidelity with which he fought for them, so genuine in his sincerity, so single-minded in his zeal, so heroic in his devotion.

People of Massachusetts, he was the son of your soil, in which he now sleeps; but he is not all your own. He belongs to all of us in the North and in the South — to the blacks whom he helped to make free, and to the whites whom he strove to make brothers again. On the grave of him whom so many thought to be their enemy, and found to be their friend, let the hands be clasped which so bitterly warred against each other. Upon that grave let the youth of America be taught, by the story of his life, that not only genius, power, and success, but more than these, patriotic devotion and virtue, make the greatness of the citizen. If this lesson be understood and followed, more than Charles Sumner's living word could have done for the glory of America will then be done by the inspiration of his great example. And it will truly be said that, although his body lies moldering in the earth, yet in the assured rights of all, in the brotherhood of a reunited people, and in the purified republic, he still lives, and will live forever.

GREAT SONS OF MASSACHUSETTS[1]

GEORGE F. HOAR

(1876)

George Frisbie Hoar (1826–1904), statesman, was born at Concord, Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard College, and admitted to the Bar in Worcester, Massachusetts. He was elected a representative to Congress and served four terms. He succeeded George S. Boutelle as United States senator, serving eight years. He was Regent of the Smithsonian Institute, and an Overseer of Harvard University. He declined the ambassadorship to England, offered him by President McKinley.

The names of great soldiers, founders of nations, jurists, ministers of state, men of science, inventors, historians, poets, orators, philanthropists, reformers, teachers, are found in turn on the columns by which the gratitude of nations seeks to give immortality to their benefactors.

In deciding which of these classes should be represented, or who of her children in each is worthiest of this honor, Massachusetts has not been driven to choose of her poverty. Is the choice to fall upon a soldier? Sturdy Miles Standish, earliest of the famous captains

[1] An extract from a speech in the House of Representatives at Washington, on the occasion of the presentation of statues of John Winthrop and Samuel Adams to the United States, 1876.

of America — "in small room large heart inclosed." [1] — Sir William Pepperell, the conqueror of Louisburg,[2] may vie with each other for the glory of standing by the ever youthful and majestic figure of Warren.[3]

Should the reverence of the nation commemorate its founders? To the State made up of the blended colonies founded by Endicott,[4] Winthrop,[5] and the men who, on board the *Mayflower*,[6] signed the first written constitution that ever existed among men, more than one third of the people of the United States to-day trace their lineage.

No American State, no civilized nation, has contributed more illustrious names to jurisprudence than Parsons [7] and Mason [8] and Story [9] and Shaw.[10]

The long roll of her statesmen begins with those who

[1] Captain Myles Standish of the Plymouth Colony, immortalized by Longfellow.

[2] Louisburg, in Cape Breton, was taken in 1745 by a land force of Provincials under the command of Sir William Pepperell, aided by a British fleet under Commodore Warren.

[3] General Warren, who was killed at Bunker Hill. See biographical note, page 15.

[4] John Endicott, colonial governor of Massachusetts.

[5] John Winthrop, colonial governor of Massachusetts, succeeding Endicott. He served as governor for twelve of the years between 1630 and 1649.

[6] *Mayflower:* the ship in which the Pilgrims came over from Holland (1620).

[7] Theophilus Parsons (1750–1813), Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

[8] William Powell Mason (1791–1867), a voluminous author of legal reports.

[9] Joseph Story (1779–1845), Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and professor of law at Harvard.

[10] Lemuel Shaw (1781–1861), for thirty years Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

laid the foundation of the little colony deep and strong enough for an empire. It will end when the love of liberty dies out from the soul of man. Bradford [1] and Carver; [2] Endicott and Winthrop; Vane,[3] the friend of Milton and counselor of Cromwell; Otis [4] and Samuel Adams [5] and Quincy [6] and Hawley,[7] the men who conducted on the side of the people that great debate by which the Revolution was accomplished before the first gun was fired; John Adams [8] and his son,[9] whose biographies almost make up the history of the country for eight years; Pickering,[10] who filled in turn every seat in the Cabinet; Webster,[11] the greatest teacher of

[1] William Bradford (1588–1656), second governor of the Plymouth Colony. With the exception of five years, when he refused election, he was governor from 1621 until his death.

[2] John Carver (1590–1621), first governor of Plymouth Colony.

[3] Sir Henry Vane (1612–1662), colonial governor of Massachusetts for one year, 1636–1637. Later a member of the Long Parliament in England. Beheaded early in the reign of Charles II, for treason. He was always a warm friend of New England.

[4] James Otis. See biographical note, page 13.

[5] Samuel Adams, a patriot of the Revolutionary period, who probably had more to do with bringing about the Revolution than any other one man. He was a cousin of John Adams. See biographical note, page 27.

[6] Josiah Quincy (1744–1775), a patriot of the Revolutionary period. He was one of the counsel for the soldiers concerned in the Boston Massacre. He was the author of many articles setting forth the position of the patriots.

[7] Joseph Hawley (1723–1788), a patriot of the Revolutionary period.

[8] John Adams. See biographical note, page 45.

[9] John Quincy Adams. See biographical note, page 103.

[10] Timothy Pickering (1745–1829), colonel and quartermaster in the army of the Revolution.

[11] Daniel Webster. See biographical note, page 11.

constitutional law, save Marshall;[1] Andrew,[2] the great war governor; Sumner,[3] the echoes of whose voice seem yet audible in the Senate chamber, by no means make up the whole of the familiar catalogue.

Science will not disdain to look for fitting representatives to the State of Bowditch[4] and John Pickering[5] and Wyman[6] and Pierce,[7] and which contains the birthplace of Franklin[8] and the home and grave of Agassiz.[9]

Are we to hold with Franklin that the world owes more to great inventors than to all its warriors and statesmen? The inventor of the cotton gin,[10] who doubled the value of every acre of cotton-producing land in the South; the inventor of the telegraph,[11] at

[1] John Marshall (1755–1835) fought with distinction in the army of the Revolution, later studied law, and became Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Justice Marshall interpreted the United States Constitution, and his decisions imparted life and vigor to the American system of government.

[2] John Albion Andrew.

[3] Charles Sumner. See biographical note, page 115.

[4] Nathaniel Bowditch (1773–1838), a mathematician of international reputation.

[5] John Pickering (1777–1846), a philologist and jurist. Son of Timothy Pickering.

[6] Jeffries Wyman (1814–1874), comparative anatomist, naturalist, and anthropologist.

[7] John Pierce (1773–1849), antiquary.

[8] Benjamin Franklin. See biographical note, page 30.

[9] Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz (1807–1873), naturalist. Born in Switzerland. Came to America in 1846. Became the greatest naturalist of the world. His name is commemorated by the Agassiz Museum, Cambridge.

[10] The cotton gin was invented about the end of the eighteenth century by Eli Whitney.

[11] Samuel Finley Breese Morse built between Washington and Baltimore the first practical electric telegraph line.

whose obsequies the sorrow of all nations, throbbing simultaneously around the globe, was manifested; the discoverer of the uses of ether [1] in surgery, who has disarmed sickness of half its pain and death of half its terrors, may dispute with each other a palm for which there will be no other competitors.

Among historians the names of Bancroft [2] and Sparks [3] and Motley [4] and Prescott [5] and Palfrey [6] and Parkman [7] will endure till the deeds they celebrate are forgotten. "Worthy deeds," said John Milton, "are not often destitute of worthy relators, as by a certain fate great acts and great eloquence have commonly gone hand in hand."

"Native to famous wits,
And hospitable, in her sweet recess,"

Massachusetts contributes to the list of poets who have delighted the world the names of Bryant [8] and Emer-

[1] Dr. W. T. G. Morton, of Massachusetts, is supposed to have been the first to administer ether in a surgical operation.

[2] George Bancroft (1800–1891), author of a voluminous history of the United States. Also Secretary of the Navy, Minister to Berlin, etc.

[3] Jared Sparks (1789–1866), editor and historian. He wrote many political and historical sketches and left unfinished a history of the American Revolution.

[4] John Lothrop Motley (1814–1877), the immortal historian of the Dutch republic.

[5] William Hickling Prescott (1796–1858), the historian of the conquest of Mexico and the conquest of Peru.

[6] John Gorham Palfrey (1796–1881), editor and historian.

[7] Francis Parkman (1823–1893), the great historian of New France.

[8] William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878), author of "Thanatopsis" and many other poems.

son [1] and Whittier [2] and Longfellow [3] and Lowell [4] and Holmes.[5]

Among the foremost of Americans in oratory, that foremost of arts, stands Quincy, the Cicero [6] of the Revolution; Otis, that "flame of fire";[7] the persuasive Choate;[8] the silver-tongued Everett;[9] the majestic Webster.

Of the great lovers of their race, whose pure fame is gained by unselfish devotion of their lives to lessening suffering or reforming vice, Massachusetts has furnished conspicuous examples. Among these great benefactors who have now gone to their reward it is hard to determine the palm of excellence. To the labors of Horace Mann [10] is due the excellence of the common schools in America, without which liberty must perish, despite of Constitution or statute.

To each of these the people of Massachusetts have,

[1] Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882), the "Sage of Concord." Author of hymn on the Concord fight, etc.

[2] John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892), author of "Snow-Bound" and many other poems.

[3] Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882), author of "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," etc. A native of Maine, but a resident of Massachusetts during most of his manhood.

[4] James Russell Lowell (1819–1891), author of "The Biglow Papers," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," etc.

[5] Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894), physician, essayist, and poet. Author of "The Chambered Nautilus," etc.

[6] Cicero was the greatest of Roman orators.

[7] See biographical note, page 13.

[8] Rufus Choate. See biographical note, page 88.

[9] Edward Everett. See biographical note, page 79.

[10] Horace Mann (1796–1859), secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, and the real founder of the modern free school system in America.

in their own way, paid their tribute of honor and reverence. The statue of Horace Mann stands by the portal of the State House. The muse of Whittier and Holmes, the lips of our most distinguished living orators, the genius of his gifted wife,[1] have united in a worthy memorial of Howe.[2] The stately eloquence of Sumner, in his great oration at Cambridge, has built a monument to Channing [3] more enduring than marble or granite ; but Channing's published writings, eagerly read wherever the English language prevails, are better than any monument.

[1] Julia Ward Howe (1819–1910), philanthropist and author. Wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

[2] Samuel Gridley Howe (1801–1876), philanthropist. Introduced education for the blind into America.

[3] William Ellery Channing (1780–1842), clergyman and leader in the antislavery movement.

GRANT FOR THIRD TERM

ROSCOE CONKLING

(1880)

Roscoe Conkling (1829–1888), statesman, was born at Albany, New York. He served several terms in the House of Representatives, and later in the United States Senate. As senator he took an active part in the reconstruction of the southern states, opposing strenuously President Johnson's policy, but championing zealously that of President Grant, even advocating his nomination for a third term. He was appointed and confirmed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but declined the office.

When asked whence comes our candidate, we say, from Appomattox.[2] Never defeated in war or in peace, his name is the most illustrious borne by any living man; his services attest his greatness, and the country knows them by heart. His fame was born not alone of things done; and dangers and emergencies will search in vain in the future, as they have searched in vain in the past, for any other on whom the nation leans with such confidence and trust. Standing on the highest eminence of human distinction, and having filled all lands with his renown; modest, firm, simple, self-poised; he has seen not only the titled but the poor and the lowly in the utmost ends of the world rise and uncover before him. He has studied the needs and defects of many systems of government, and he comes back a

[1] From the nominating address delivered before the National Republican Convention in 1880. This selection is an abridgment of the version published in "The Life and Letters of Roscoe Conkling," and is printed here by permission of the Hon. Alfred R. Conkling.

[2] General Lee surrendered there.

better American than ever, with a wealth of knowledge and experience added to hard common sense which so conspicuously distinguished him in all the fierce light that beat upon him throughout the most eventful, trying, and perilous sixteen years of the nation's history.

There is no field of human activity, responsibility, or reason in which rational beings object to Grant, because he has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting, and because he has had unequaled experience, making him exceptionally competent and fit. From the man who shoes your horse to the lawyer who pleads your case, the officer who manages your railway, the doctor into whose hands you give your life, or the minister who seeks to save your soul, whom now do you reject because you have tried him and by his works have known him? What makes the presidential office an exception to all things else in the common sense to be applied to selecting its incumbent? Who dares to put fetters on the free choice and judgment which is the birthright of the American people?

Can it be said that Grant used official power to perpetuate his plan? He has no plan. No official power has been used for him. Without patronage or power, without telegraph wires running from his house to the Convention, without electioneering contrivances, without effort on his part, his name is on his country's lips, and he is struck at by the whole Democratic party because his nomination will be the deathblow to Democratic success. He is struck at by others who find offense and disqualification in the very service he has rendered and the very experience he has gained.

Show me a better man. Name one, and I am an-

swered; but do not point, as a disqualification, to the very facts which make this man fit beyond all others. Let not experience disqualify or excellence impeach him. There is no third term in the case, and the pretense will die with the political dogdays which engendered it. Nobody is really worried about a third term except those hopelessly longing for a first term and the dupes they have made.

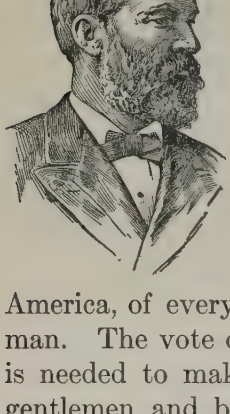
Without bureaus, committees, officials, or emissaries to manufacture sentiment in his favor, without intrigue or effort on his part, Grant is the candidate whose supporters have never threatened to bolt. As they say, he is a Republican who never wavers. He and his friends stood by the creed and the candidates of the Republican party, holding the right of a majority as the very essence of their faith, and meaning to uphold that faith against the common enemy and the charlatans and the guerrillas who from time to time deploy between the lines and forage on one side or the other.

SHERMAN FOR PRESIDENT [1]

JAMES A. GARFIELD

(1880)

JAMES A. GARFIELD (1831–1881), statesman, was born at Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. He was educated at Western Reserve Institute, Hiram, Ohio, and at Williams College. He was appointed an instructor in the Western Reserve Institute, and became president of the Institution. He served with distinction in the Civil War. He was elected a member of Congress for eight terms. He was later elected United States senator from Ohio, and afterwards became president of the United States. He was shot by a disappointed office seeker, and died after a lingering illness of two months.



In order to win victory now, we want the vote of every Republican, of every Grant Republican,[2] and every anti-Grant Republican in America, of every Blaine man [3] and every anti-Blaine man. The vote of every follower of every candidate is needed to make success certain. Therefore I say, gentlemen and brethren, we are here to take counsel together, and inquire what we shall do.

We want a man who standing on a mountain height, traces the victorious footsteps of our party in the past,

[1] From a speech in the Republican National Convention in Chicago, 1880, nominating John Sherman for the presidency of the United States. By permission of President H. A. Garfield of Williams College.

[2] A Republican favoring the nomination of General Ulysses S. Grant.

[3] A Republican favoring the nomination of James G. Blaine.

and carrying in his heart the memory of its glorious deeds, looks forward prepared to meet the dangers to come. We want one who will act in no spirit of unkindness toward those we lately met in battle. The Republican party offers to our brethren of the South the olive branch of peace, and invites them to renewed brotherhood on this supreme condition — that it shall be admitted forever, that in the war for the Union we were right and they were wrong. On that supreme condition we meet them as brethren, and ask them to share with us the blessings and honors of this great republic.

Now, gentlemen, not to weary you, I am about to present a name for your consideration — the name of one who was the comrade, associate, and friend of nearly all the noble dead, whose faces look down upon us from these walls to-night; a man who began his career of public service twenty-five years ago, who courageously confronted the slave power in the days of peril on the plains of Kansas,[1] when first began to fall the red drops of that bloody shower which finally swelled into a deluge of gore in the late Rebellion. He bravely stood by young Kansas, and, returning to his seat in the national legislature, his pathway through all the subsequent years has been marked by labors worthily performed in every department of legislation.

You ask for his monument. I point you to twenty-five years of national statutes. Not one great, beneficent law has been placed on our statute books without his intelligent and powerful aid. He aided in formulating the laws to raise the great armies and navies

[1] Referring to the critical period which determined the destiny of Kansas as a "free" state.

which carried us through the war. His hand was seen in the workmanship of those statutes that restored and brought back "the unity and married calm of States." His hand was in all that great legislation that created the war currency, and in all the still greater work that redeemed the promises of the government and made the currency equal to gold.

When at last he passed from the halls of legislation into a high executive office, he displayed that experience, intelligence, firmness, and poise of character which have carried us through a stormy period of three years, with one half the public press crying, "Crucify him!" [1] and a hostile Congress seeking to prevent success. In all this he remained unmoved until victory crowned him. The great fiscal affairs of the nation, and the vast business interest of the country, he guarded and preserved while executing the law of resumption, and effected its object without a jar and against the false prophecies of one half of the press and of all the Democratic party.

He has shown himself able to meet with calmness the great emergencies of the government. For twenty-five years he has trodden the perilous heights of public duty, and against the shafts of malice has borne his breast unharmed. He has stood in the blaze of "that fierce light that beats against the throne"; but its fiercest ray has found no flaw in his armor, no stain upon his shield. I do not present him as a better Republican or a better man than thousands of others that we honor; but I present him for your deliberate and favorable consideration. I nominate John Sherman of Ohio.

[1] Cf. John xix. 6.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD[1]

JAMES G. BLAINE

(1882)

James G. Blaine (1830–1893) was born at West Brownsville, Pennsylvania. He was educated at Washington College. After a period of teaching school, he removed to Augusta, Maine, bought the Kennebec *Journal*, and as its editor soon made himself felt in the politics of the state. He was for several years a member of the Maine legislature, and later was elected to Congress. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency. He served as Secretary of State in the Cabinets of Presidents Garfield and Harrison. His "Twenty Years in Congress" gives a valuable résumé of the earlier political history of the country, and an accurate account of the political period from President Lincoln to President Garfield.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into visible presence of death; and he did not quail. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was

[1] This is the peroration of a speech delivered by James G. Blaine, in 1882, at the Garfield memorial exercises of Congress in the House of Representatives. By permission of John D. Morris & Company.

not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell? What brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendship, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him, a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his ; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands. And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine press alone.[1] With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness.

[1] Cf. Isaiah lxiii. 3.

Gently and silently the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of the heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of eternal morning.

THE HERO OF THE CIVIL WAR[1]

JOHN D. LONG

(1882)

JOHN DAVIS LONG (1838–), statesman, was born at Buckfield, Oxford County, Maine. He was educated at Harvard College, and at the Harvard Law School. He was governor of Massachusetts, and served in Congress for three terms. He was Secretary of the Navy in President McKinley's Cabinet. Retiring soon after President McKinley's death, he resumed the practice of law in Boston.

In memory of the dead, in honor of the living, for inspiration to our children, we gather to-day to deck the graves of our patriots with flowers, to pledge commonwealth and town and citizen to fresh recognition of the surviving soldier, and to picture yet again the romance, the reality, the glory, the sacrifice of his service. As if it were but yesterday, you recall him. He had but just turned twenty. The exquisite tint of youthful health was in his cheeks. His pure heart shone from frank, outspeaking eyes. His fair hair clustered from beneath his cap. He had pulled a stout oar in the college race, or walked the most graceful athlete on the village green. He had just entered on the vocation of his life. The doorway of his home at this season of the year was brilliant in the dewy morn with the clambering vine and fragrant flower, as in and out he went, the beloved of mother and sisters, and the ideal of a New England youth: —

[1] From an oration delivered in 1882, at Tremont Temple, Boston, to veterans of the Civil War.

In face and shoulders like a god he was ;[1]
For o'er him had the goddess breathed the charm
Of youthful locks, the ruddy glow of youth.
A generous gladness in his eyes ; such grace
As carver's hand to ivory gives, or when
Silver or Parian stone in yellow gold
Is set.

And when the drum beat, when the first martyr's blood sprinkled the stones of Baltimore,[2] he took his place in the ranks and went forward. You remember his ingenuous and glowing letters to his mother, written as if his pen were dipped in his very heart. How novel seemed to him the routine of service, the life of camp and march ! How eager the wish to meet the enemy and strike his first blow for the good cause ! What pride at the promotion that came and put its chevron on his arm or its strap upon his shoulder.

They took him prisoner. He wasted in Libby,[3] and grew gaunt and haggard with the horror of his sufferings and with pity for the greater horror of the sufferings of his comrades who fainted and died at his side. He tunneled the earth and escaped. Hungry and weak, in terror of recapture, he followed by night the pathway of the railroad. He slept in thickets and sank in swamps. He saw the glitter of horsemen who pursued him. He knew the bloodhound was on his track. He reached the

[1] From Virgil's "Æneid," Book I. The passage is descriptive of Æneas.

[2] A Massachusetts regiment marching through Baltimore to Washington was set upon by a mob. A street fight ensued, in which the first bloodshed in the war occurred (April 19, 1861).

[3] The celebrated Confederate prison.

line; and with his hand grasping at freedom, they caught him and took him back to his captivity.

He was exchanged at last; and you remember, when he came home on a short furlough, how manly and war-worn he had grown. But he soon returned to the ranks and to the welcome of his comrades. They recall him now alike with tears and pride. In the riflepits around Petersburg [1] you heard his steady voice and firm command. Some one who saw him then fancied that he seemed that day like one who forefelt the end. But there was no flinching as he charged. He had just turned to give a cheer when the fatal ball struck him. There was a convulsion of the upward hand. His eyes, pleading and loyal, turned their last glance to the flag. His lips parted. He fell dead, and at nightfall lay with his face to the stars. Home they brought him, fairer than Adonis, over whom the goddess of beauty [2] wept. They buried him in the village churchyard under the green turf. Year by year his comrades and his kin, nearer than comrades, scatter his grave with flowers. Do you ask who he was? He was in every regiment and every company. He went out from every village, he sleeps in every burying ground. Recall romance, recite the names of heroes of legend and song, but there is none that is his peer.

[1] Petersburg is a city a few miles south of Richmond. It was the center of many operations during 1864 and 1865.

[2] Adonis was a beautiful Greek youth with whom Venus, the goddess of beauty, fell in love. He was killed by a wild boar. See manual of mythology.

THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES [1]

JOSEPH COOK

(1884)

Joseph Cook (1838–1901), lecturer, was born at Ticonderoga, New York. He was educated at Yale College, and at the Andover Theological Seminary. The next two years, following his graduation, he spent at Leipsic, Berlin, and Heidelberg, and traveled in Egypt and Palestine. He made a trip around the world, lecturing in all the principal cities of India, Japan, Australia, and the British Isles. Besides his lectures, his writings treated of biology, socialism, labor, and many other subjects.

The Roman eagles, when their wings were strongest, never flew so far as from Plymouth rock to the Golden Gate.[2] The longest straight line that can be drawn inside the limits of the old Roman Empire will not reach from Boston to San Francisco.

Neither Cæsar's empire [3] nor Alexander's [4] had the vast and multiplex physical opportunity possessed by America. Gibraltar [5] and London; [6] Thebes [7] and the frosty Caucasus [8] were the four corners of imperial

[1] From a speech delivered on the Fourth of July, 1884.

[2] The harbor of San Francisco.

[3] Julius Cæsar, the real founder of the Roman Empire.

[4] Alexander the Great of Macedon, the conqueror of Greece, the Persian Empire, Egypt, etc.

[5] Gibraltar, the most southerly point of Spain, now a great fortress belonging to Great Britain.

[6] London, on the Thames, the capital of the British Empire.

[7] Thebes, one of the capitals of ancient Egypt.

[8] The Caucasus, a range of rugged mountains, which stretches from the Black Sea to the Caspian Sea and forms the southeasterly barrier between Europe and Asia.

Rome, and Alexander ruled from the Adriatic [1] to the Indus; [2] but stretch your compass on the globe from London to the Egyptian Thebes, or from Gibraltar to the Caucasian summits, or from the Macedonian Adriatic to the Indus at the foot of the Himalayas, and you have not opened them as far as you must separate them to span the green fields and steepled cities between the surf of the Bay of Fundy [3] and the waterfalls of the Yosemite,[4] or to touch, on the one side, the Florida Keys,[5] and on the other, the continuous woods.

> "Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound [6]
> Save his own dashings."

On the British Empire the sun never sets. In the short summer nights it never sets on the American republic. San Francisco is the middle city in our territory. It is literally true that in August the sunset has not ceased to flash on the spears of the fisherman in the Aleutian Islands before it begins to glint and blaze on the axes of the woodsmen in the forests of Maine.

Roll up the map of New England! Unroll that of your whole country! How large is Texas? You could bury in it the German Empire, and have room enough

[1] Adriatic, a branch of the Mediterranean between Italy and the Balkan Peninsula.

[2] Indus, the great river of western India rising in the Himalayas and flowing into the Arabian Sea.

[3] The Bay of Fundy, between New Brunswick and Maine on one side and Nova Scotia on the other.

[4] A river of California. The country around it now constitutes a national park.

[5] The Florida Keys are long, narrow islands of coral formation, off the coast of Florida.

[6] From "Thanatopsis," by William Cullen Bryant.

left for England and Wales. How large is California? You could bury in it England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and have room enough left for Switzerland and Belgium. How large is Colorado? You could bury in it Norway, and have room enough left for Denmark. How large is Iowa? You could bury in it Portugal and Switzerland. How large is Lake Superior? You could sink Scotland in it. How large is New York? You could bury in it Belgium and Switzerland and Greece. How large is the estimated area of arable land in the American Union? Half as large as the United States. How fully occupied? In 1880 the area occupied by the corn crop made a region only about as large as Kansas; that occupied by the wheat crop a space only as large as Alabama; that occupied by the cotton crop, a region less than half the size of Ohio.

How many countries of Europe must be put together to make a region equal in extent to that of the good arable soil of the United States? Austria, Germany, and France? These and more. Spain, Sweden, and Norway added? These and more. England, Scotland, and Ireland in addition? These and more. Portugal, the Netherlands, Greece, Switzerland, Denmark, and Belgium? All these sixteen regions must be thrown together to cover, not our territory as a whole, but that half of it which is good arable soil. These countries, with their good and poor soil, maintain two hundred millions of people. The good land of the United States will certainly sustain as many people as their good and poor land taken together.

With whatever telescope I sweep the horizon, I, for one, stand in awe. I set no dates; I seek to es-

tablish approximately no definite numbers. I assert only that America can sustain a larger population than Europe, Asia, and Africa taken together; that, since it can, probably, it ultimately will; that we may expect as large an average population as Europe now possesses; that America is, therefore, yet in its infancy; that for these immense numbers of the human family we stand in trust, and that the age, therefore, has not yet ceased to be a crisis.

EULOGY ON GRANT[1]

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

(1885)

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON (1823–), author, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard College, and at the Harvard Divinity School. He fought in the Civil War, was wounded, and obliged to leave the service. He served on the staff of Governor Long of Massachusetts, and was member of the Massachusetts legislature.

He was great, in the first place, through the mere scale of his work. His number of troops, the vast area of his operations, surpassed what the world had before seen. When he took 15,000 prisoners at Fort Donelson, the capture was three times as large as when Burgoyne surrendered, in the only American battle thought important enough to

[1] From an oration delivered at the commemorative exercises of the city of Cambridge, 1885.

be mentioned by Sir Edward Creasy in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." When, on July 4, 1863, he took Vicksburg, he received what was then claimed to be the greatest capture of men and armament since the invention of gunpowder, and perhaps since the beginning of recorded history. He captured fifteen generals, 31,600 soldiers and 72 cannon. For victories less than this Julius Cæsar was made dictator for ten years, and his statue was carried in processions with those of the immortal gods. Cæsar at Pharsalia [1] took but 24,000 prisoners; Napoleon at Ulm, 23,000,[2] Hannibal at Cannæ, but 20,000.[3] Yet these in Grant's case were but special victories. How great, then, his power when at the head of the armies of the United States! Neither of these three great commanders ever directed the movements of 1,000,000 men.

But mere numbers are a subordinate matter. He surpassed his predecessors also in the dignity of the object for which he fought. The three great generals of the world are usually enumerated — following Macaulay — as being Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon. Two of these fought in wars of mere conquest, and the contests of the third were marred by a gloomy fanaticism, by cruelty, and by selfishness. General Grant fought to restore a nation, that nation being the hope of the world. And he restored it. His work

[1] At Pharsalia, in Thessaly, Cæsar overthrew Pompey and became the master of the Roman world (48 B.C.).

[2] At Ulm on the Danube Napoleon captured the Austrian, General Mack, with practically his whole army (1805).

[3] At Cannæ (217 B.C.), Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general, utterly defeated the Romans.

was as complete as it was important. Cæsar[1] died by violence; Napoleon[2] died defeated; Cromwell's[3] work crumbled to pieces when his hand was cold. Grant's career triumphed in its ending. It is at its height to-day.

When we come to the mere executive qualities involved in fighting, we find that Grant habitually combined in action two things rarely brought together — quickness and perseverance. That could be said of him which Malcolm McLeod said of Charles Edward[4] the Pretender: "He is the bravest man, not to be rash, and the most cautious man, not to be a coward, that I ever saw." He did not have the visible and conspicuous dash of Sherman[5] or Sheridan;[6] he was rather the kind of man whom they needed to have behind them. But in quickness of apprehension and action, where this quality was needed, he was not their inferior, if they were even his equals. He owed to it his first conspicuous victory at Donelson. Looking at the knapsack of the slain enemy, he discovered that they held three days' rations, and knew, therefore, that they were trying to get away. Under this stimulus he renewed the attack, and the day was won.

[1] Cæsar was assassinated in the senate house of Rome by a band of conspirators led by Brutus (44 B.C.).

[2] Napoleon died a prisoner of the British on the island of St. Helena (1821).

[3] Cromwell died in 1658, and the monarchy was restored in 1660.

[4] The "Young Pretender," grandson of James II of England. The insurrection of 1745–1746 was intended to place him upon the throne of Great Britain.

[5] William Tecumseh Sherman (1820–1891), one of the greatest generals on the side of the North in our Civil War.

[6] Philip Henry Sheridan (1831–1888), the greatest cavalry commander in the Northern armies during the Civil War.

Moreover, it is to be noticed that he was, in all his acts, as a commander, essentially original — a man of initiative, not of routine. He was singularly free from the habit of depending on others.

And to crown all these qualities was added one more, that of personal modesty. When, at Hamburg, Germany, he was toasted as "The man who had saved the nation," he replied, "What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the country." He put down the pride of the German officers, the most self-sufficient military aristocracy of the world, by quietly disclaiming the assumption of being a soldier at all. He said to Bismarck:[1] "I am more a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, though I entered the army thirty-five years ago, and have been in two wars — the Mexican as a young lieutenant, and later (mark the exquisite moderation of that 'and later') I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure."

He told Bismarck, as we have seen, that he never entered a war without regret or retired from it without pleasure. But he was destined to enter on just one more campaign — against pain and disease, combined with sudden poverty. It was a formidable coalition. It is sometimes said that it is easier to die well than to live well; but it is harder than either to grow old, knowing that one's great period of action is past, and weighed down with the double weight of hopeless financial failure and irremediable bodily pain. Either bankruptcy or physical torture has by itself crushed

[1] "The Iron Chancellor," the real founder of the modern German Empire.

many a man morally and mentally; but Grant's greatest campaign was when he resisted them both. Upon such a campaign as this he might well, as he said, shrink from entering; but having been obliged to enter upon it, he was still Grant.

It has been already said that the supreme generals of the world were Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon. Grant was behind all three of these in variety of cultivation and in many of the qualities that make a man's biography picturesque and fascinating. He may be said to have seemed a little prosaic, compared with any one of these. But in moral qualities he was above them all; more truthful, more unselfish, more simple, more humane. He fell short of Washington in this, that he was not equally great in war and statesmanship; but his qualities were within reach of all; his defects were within reach of all; and he will long be with Washington and Lincoln the typical American in the public eyes. It is this typical quality, after all, that is most valuable. His fame rests upon the broadest and surest of all pedestals, as broad as common humanity. He seems greatest because he was no detached or ideal hero, but simply the representative of us all.

THE NEW SOUTH TO NEW ENGLAND[1]

HENRY W. GRADY

(1886)

HENRY W. GRADY (1850–1889) was born at Athens, Georgia. He was educated at the University of Georgia, and after two years of postgraduate study at the University of Virginia, he entered upon the profession of journalism. His first national speech was made in 1886 at a banquet of the New England Society, in New York city, and was published broadcast by the press of the country. He has been called the National Pacificator.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of timeserving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I

[1] From an address delivered at a banquet of the New England Club in New York, 1886. Mr. A. W. Brooks, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Athens, Ga., writes us that this address "had more to do with bringing about the friendly feeling between the North and South than any utterance since the Civil War." Still further abridged from the abridgment found in "The World's Famous Orations," by permission of Funk & Wagnalls Company.

should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill — a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name[1] dear to me above the names of men — that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil — that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live[2] is sacred as a battle ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat, —

[1] The name of his father, who was a major in the Confederate army.

[2] Atlanta, Georgia.

sacred soil to all of us, — rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, — silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms, — speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox?[1] Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave — will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of goodwill and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said,

[1] General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, 1865.

"Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my own judgment,

"Those opened eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way." [1]

[1] From Shakespeare's "Henry IV," Part I, Act I, Scene I. The correct quotation according to the text of Professor Delius, is: —

". . . those opposed eyes
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
Are of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way. . . . "

(Cf. the Leopold Shakespeare, Rolfe's Edition, etc.)

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY[1]

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

(1886)

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW (1834–) was born at Peekskill, New York, and was educated at Yale College. He served two terms in the New York State Assembly, and was at one time president of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. He was Regent of the State University, and one of the commissioners appointed to build the state capitol at Albany. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the Republican nomination for president at Chicago in 1888. He was twice elected to the United States Senate.

We dedicate this statue to the friendship of nations and the peace of the world.

The spirit of liberty embraces all races in common brotherhood; it voices in all languages the same needs and aspirations. The full power of its expansive and progressive influence cannot be reached until wars cease, armies are disbanded, and international disputes are settled by lawful tribunals and the principles of justice. Then the people of every nation, secure from invasion and free from the burden and menace of great armaments, can calmly and dispassionately promote their own happiness and prosperity. The marvelous development and progress of this republic is due to the fact that in rigidly adhering to the advice of Washington for absolute neutrality and noninterference in the politics and policies of other governments, we have avoided the necessity of depleting our industries to

[1] From an address delivered by Chauncey M. Depew at the unveiling of the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty enlightening the world" (1886).

feed our armies, of taxing and impoverishing our resources to carry on war, and of limiting our liberties to concentrate power in our government. Our great civil strife, with all its expenditure of blood and treasure, was a terrible sacrifice for freedom. The results are so immeasurably great that by comparison the cost is insignificant. The development of liberty was impossible while she was shackled to the slave. The divine thought which intrusted to the conquered the full measure of home rule, and accorded to them an equal share of imperial power, was the inspiration of God. With sublime trust it left to liberty the elevation of the freedman to political rights, and the conversion of the rebel to patriotic citizenship.

The rays from this torch illuminate a century of unbroken friendship between France and the United States. Peace and its opportunities for material progress and the expansion of popular liberties send from here a fruitful and noble lesson to all the world. It will teach the people of all countries that in curbing the ambitions and dynastic purposes of princes and privileged classes, and in cultivating the brotherhood of man, lies the true road to their enfranchisement. The friendship of individuals, their unselfish devotion to each other, their willingness to die in each other's stead, are the most tender and touching of human records; they are the inspiration of youth and the solace of age; but nothing is so beautiful and sublime as two great peoples of alien race and language transmitting down the ages a love begotten in gratitude, and strengthening as they increase in power and assimilate in their institutions and liberties.

For unnumbered centuries to come, as Liberty levels up the people to higher standards and a broader life, this statue will grow in the admiration and affections of mankind. When Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds, he little dreamed that in the evolution of science his discovery [1] would illuminate the torch of Liberty for France and America. The rays from this beacon, lighting this gateway to the continent, will welcome the poor and the persecuted with the hope and promise of homes and citizenship. It will teach them that there is room and brotherhood for all who will support our institutions and aid in our development; but that those who come to disturb our peace and dethrone our laws are aliens and enemies forever. I devoutly believe that, from the Unseen and the Unknown, two great souls have come to participate in this celebration. The faith in which they died fulfilled, the cause for which they battled triumphant, the people they loved in the full enjoyment of the rights for which they labored and fought and suffered, the spirit voices of Washington and Lafayette [2] join in the glad acclaim of France and the United States to Liberty enlightening the World.

[1] Referring to the discovery by Franklin that lightning is an electrical phenomenon.

[2] Marquis de Lafayette (1757–1834) went to the aid of the American revolutionists in 1777, and at the age of twenty was appointed major general. He distinguished himself at Brandywine, Monmouth, Yorktown, etc. Lafayette was a friend of liberty throughout his life. At his death he was a member of the French chamber of deputies.

TRUE PATRIOTISM [1]

BENJAMIN HARRISON

(1889)

Benjamin Harrison (1833–1901), lawyer and statesman, was born at North Bend, Ohio. He was educated at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio; studied law in Cincinnati; removed to Indianapolis, where he practiced his profession. He served in the Civil War, becoming brigadier general. He was engaged in political activities, eventually being elected United States senator. He was offered a Cabinet position, but declined, and for six years was an active member of the Senate. He was later nominated and elected by the Republican party as president in 1888, Grover Cleveland being the Democratic opponent. Four years later the same men were again opposing candidates, this time Mr. Harrison being defeated in the election. At the close of his presidential term, Mr. Harrison was appointed lecturer in international law at the Leland Stanford University, California.

Let us exalt patriotism and moderate our party contentions. Let those who would die for the flag on the field of battle give a better proof of their patriotism and a higher glory to their country by promoting fraternity and justice. A party success that is achieved by unfair methods or by practices that partake of revolution is hurtful and evanescent, even from a party standpoint. We should hold our different opinions in mutual respect; and, having submitted them to the

[1] Peroration of the inaugural address of President Benjamin Harrison, March 4, 1889.

arbitrament of the ballot, should accept an adverse judgment with the same respect that we would have demanded of our opponents if the decision had been more in our favor.

No other people have a government more worthy of their respect and love, or a land so magnificent in extent, so pleasant to look upon, and so full of generous suggestion to enterprise and labor. God has placed upon our head a diadem, and has laid at our feet power and wealth beyond definition or calculation. But we must not forget that we take these gifts upon the condition that justice and mercy shall hold the reins of power, and that the upward avenues of hope shall be free for all the people.

I do not mistrust the future. Dangers have been in frequent ambush along our path, but we have uncovered and vanquished them all. Passion has swept some of our communities, but only to give us a new demonstration that the great body of our people are stable, patriotic, and law-abiding. No political party can long pursue advantage at the expense of public honor, or by the rude and indecent methods, without protest and fatal disaffection in its own body. The peaceful agencies of commerce are more fully revealing the necessary unity of all our communities, and the increasing intercourse of our people is promoting mutual respect. We shall find unalloyed pleasure in the revelation which our census will make of the swift development of the great resources of some of the States. Each state will bring its generous contributions to the great aggregate of the nation's increase. And when the harvests from the fields, the cattle from the hills,

and the ores from the earth, shall have been weighed, counted, and valued, we will turn from all to crown with the highest honor the State that has most promoted education, virtue, justice, and patriotism among its people.

THE PILGRIMS [1]

W. C. P. BRECKENRIDGE

(1889)

William Campbell Preston Breckenridge (1837–1904), statesman, was born near Baltimore, Maryland. He was educated at Centre College, Kentucky, and in the Law Department of the University of Louisville. He served in the Confederate army from 1861 to the close of the Civil War, with rank of captain and colonel. For two years after the close of the war he was an editor at Lexington, Kentucky. Later, he was appointed professor of history in the Law Department of Kentucky University. He served ten years in Congress.

My countrymen: In the midst of fierce disputations, of trials and perils, there never was a moment when the heroic sacrifices, the devotion to truth, the fidelity to conviction, of those who landed not only at Plymouth, but at all points in New England, did not receive my hearty gratitude and cordial praise.

We are the children of exiles and emigrants. We spring from the same common root, and are of the same blood. Our fathers came for the same general purpose, and together won a common independence; and to-day,

[1] This is an extract from an oration delivered by W. C. P. Breckenridge, in 1869, at the dedication of the National Monument to the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

standing near where Elder Brewster and William Bradford, John Carver, and Miles Standish [1] landed, I am as much at home as under the shadow of the monument which Massachusetts helped to build to Henry Clay.[2] And when I project myself into the mighty and ever widening future with the ever increasing application of truth to human institutions, I never attempt to separate what the sons of New England will do from that which Virginia's and Kentucky's sons may also do.

"In the name of God, Amen!"

On the 21st day of November, 1620, in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, as she lay at anchor in Provincetown Harbor, the compact signed by the adult males of that immortal ship's company of exiles began with this solemn phrase — the formal, technical, habitual beginning of solemn instruments; and to-day, amid such different conditions, we repeat with intense and loving emphasis the old phrase, and load each word with gratitude and praise. As we gather to dedicate this monument to the memory of those illustrious forefathers, to the honor of their principles and convictions, to the grateful applause of all freemen for their labors and sacrifices, and ourselves and the future to the preservation and amplification of true liberty, we reverently — like unto the statue of faith — uplift our faces and raise our hands to the unchanged heavens and the

[1] Elder Brewster was the spiritual head of the Pilgrims. John Carver and William Bradford were successively governors of the colony founded at Plymouth. Miles or Myles Standish was the military commander at Plymouth.

[2] See biographical note, page 67.

changeless Father, and solemnly repeat — "In the name of God, Amen!"

It is not a mere fanciful conception that in this phrase lies the power which produced, and the seed from which sprung, the action of that company and the results thereof. It is, perhaps, true that he who drafted that instrument somewhat unconsciously and as a matter of common habit used that formal phrase with which it was then — even so now — customary to open solemn instruments; and it may be further true that those who subscribed their names may not have felt any special thrill as these words were read aloud to them in the little cabin; and yet it is further true that this purpose — to do and to live "in the name of God" — is the only possible, as it is the amply sufficient, explanation of all which had preceded and all which has followed that act. It has been plausibly and eloquently urged that one of the honors to be given to these revered men is that they were "at the beginning" of our institutions; and that they left behind them the old forms and institutions, based on new principles and protected by new and original government modes. This is a captivating picture and attracts the heart.

That in this new and virgin continent, on this sea-beaten coast, in the august presence of Jehovah, these few pious, loving, and heroic souls laid in prayer and trust the foundations of a new and puissant nation, unsoiled with the corruptions, unstained with the vices, untrammeled with the traditions, unperplexed with the problems, of the Old World; that in the very act of laying the corner stone they also buried all of the past that was not of good to man and from God; that thus

freed from the slavery of tradition and the thralldom of institutions, their hearts filled with sincere love of God and earnest love for man, they were divinely led to reject the evil and select only the good in the formation of a new society thus fabricated by them — is indeed a picture, which, when drawn by the hand of a master, enchains the eye and enchants the heart. But this is not the historic nor the philosophical truth, and does injustice to the forefathers and to those who were coworkers with them, and the more truthful is the picture of them and their work, the greater honor do we render unto them.

HUMANITY AND GOD[1]

FRANCES E. WILLARD

(1890)

FRANCES E. WILLARD (1839–1898) was born at Churchville, near Rochester, New York. She was educated at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. For a time she taught in her *alma mater*, later traveling and studying in Europe and the East. She early became a leader in the temperance reform movement, and for sixteen years traveled almost constantly in this interest. For seventeen years she was president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, until 1897, when ill health compelled her to relinquish her work.

I wish we were all more thoroughly students of the mighty past, for we should thus be rendered braver prophets of the future, and more cheerful workers in the present. History shows us with what tenacity the human race survives. Earthquake, famine, and pestilence have done their worst, but over them rolls a healing tide of years and they are lost to view; on sweeps the great procession, and hardly shows a scar. Rulers around whom clustered new forms of civilization pass away; but greater men succeed them. Nations are rooted up; great hopes seem blighted; revolutions rise, and

[1] From an address before a Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at Atlanta, Georgia. This selection is taken from the version in "The World's Famous Orations," by permission of Funk & Wagnalls Company.

rivers run with the blood of patriots; the globe itself seems headed toward the abyss; new patriots are born; higher hopes bloom out like stars; humanity emerges from the dark ages vastly ahead of what it was on entering that cave of gloom, and ever the right comes uppermost; and now is Christ's kingdom nearer than when we first believed.

Only those who have not studied history lose heart in great reforms; only those unread in the biography of genius imagine themselves to be original. Except in the realm of material invention, there is nothing new under the sun.[1] There is no reform which some great soul has not dreamed of centuries ago; there is not a doctrine that some father of the Church did not set forth. The Greek philosophers and early Christian Fathers boxed the compass once for all; we may take our choice of what they have left on record. Let us then learn a wise humility, but at the same time a humble wisdom, as we remember that there are but two classes of men — one which declares that our times are the worst the world has seen, and another which claims our times as best; and he who claims this, all revelation, all science, all history witnesses is right, and will be right for evermore.

The most normal and the most perfect human being is the one who most thoroughly addresses himself to the activity of his best powers, gives himself most thoroughly to the world around him, flings himself out into the midst of humanity, and is so preoccupied by his own beneficent reaction on the world that he is practically unconscious of a separate existence. A normal

[1] "There is no new thing under the sun." Ecclesiastes i. 9.

Christian stands in the midst of a great, beautiful, and varied landscape. It is the landscape of beneficent work. Above him reaches the boundless skies, brilliant with the stars of God and heaven.

Love and friendship form a beautiful rainbow over his landscape and reach up toward his sky. But the only two great environments of the soul are work for humanity and faith in God. Those wounded in love will find that affection, dear and vital as it is, comes to us not as the whole of life, not as its wide, wondrous landscape of the earth, not as its beautiful vision of the sky, but as its beautiful embellishment, its rainbow, fair and sweet. But were it gone, there would still remain the two greatest and most satisfying pictures on which the soul can gaze — humanity and God.

TRIBUTE TO JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY[1]

PATRICK A. COLLINS

(1890)

Patrick Andrew Collins (1844–1904) was born in County Cork, Ireland. His father having died, his mother emigrated to America and settled in Chelsea, Mass., where he attended the public schools. Later he studied law, and graduated from the Harvard Law School. He was admitted to the Suffolk County Bar, and became identified with the Irish movement. President Cleveland appointed him consul general at London, which office he held throughout the administration. He returned to Boston, resumed the practice of law, and later was elected mayor of Boston. He died in office.

Even in this solemn hour of public mourning, it seems hard to realize that we shall see him no more. Men

[1] From a eulogy by Patrick A. Collins.

who know us both will expect from me no eulogy of Boyle O'Reilly. You mourn the journalist, the orator, the poet, the patriot of two peoples, the strong, tender, true, and knightly character. I mourn with you, and I also mourn — alone.

But, after all, the dead speak for themselves. No friend in prose or verse can add a cubit to his stature. No foe, however mendacious, can lessen his fame or the love humanity bears him.

Yet we owe, not to him, but to the living and to the future, these manifold expressions of regard — these estimates of his worth. The feverish age needs always teaching.

Here was a branded outcast some twenty years ago,[1] stranded in a strange land, friendless and penniless; to-day wept for all over the world where men are free or seeking to be free, for his large heart went out to all in trouble, and his soul was the soul of a freeman; all he had he gave humanity, and asked no return.

Take the lesson of his life to your hearts, young men, you who are scrambling and wrangling for petty dignities and small honors. This man held no office and had no title. The man was larger than any office,

[1] John Boyle O'Reilly (1844–1890), Irish-American poet and journalist, was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland. At the age of eighteen he went to London as an agent of the Fenian Society, and enlisted in the British army. He was arrested for trying to induce Irish soldiers to revolt. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death; but the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for twenty years. He escaped from the penal colony in West Australia, and was landed in the United States by an American whaler in 1869. The rest of his life he lived in or near Boston, engaged in literary pursuits. His biography has been written by James Jeffrey Roche.

and no title could ennoble him. He was born without an atom of prejudice, and he lived and died without an evil or ungenerous thought.

He was Irish and American; intensely both, but more than both. The world was his country, and mankind was his kin. Often he struck; but he always struck power, never the helpless. He seemed to feel with the dying regicide in "Les Misérables," [1] "I weep with you for the son of the king, murdered in the temple, but weep with me for the children of the people — they have suffered longest."

Numbered and marked and branded; officially called rebel, traitor, convict, and felon wherever the red flag floats,[2] denied the sad privilege of kneeling on the grave of his mother — thus died this superb citizen of the great republic.

But his soul was always free. Vain are all mortal interdicts.

By the banks of that lovely river, where the blood of four nations once commingled, in sight of the monument to the alien victor,[3] hard by the great mysterious Rath,[4] over one sanctified spot dearer than all others to him, where the dew glistened on the softest green, the spirit of O'Reilly hovered, and shook the stillness of the Irish dawn on its journey to the stars.

[1] The great novel of Victor Hugo.

[2] The flag of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

[3] On July 1, 1690, William of Orange, with an army of British and Dutch, defeated James II with an army of Irish and French, on the banks of the river Boyne.

[4] Raths were hill fortresses which formed the dwellings of old Irish chiefs.

A SOUTHERN TRIBUTE TO GRANT[1]

HENRY WATTERSON

(1891)

HENRY WATTERSON (1840–), journalist, was born in Washington, D.C. He served in the Confederate army from 1861 to 1863. After the war he continued his journalistic career, and to the present time has continued editor of the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal*. He was a representative in the 44th Congress, completing the term of Edward Young Parsons. Subsequently he declined all offers of political appointments.

I came, primarily, to bow my head and to pay my measure of homage to the statue that was unveiled yesterday. The career and the name which that statue commemorates belong to me no less than to you. When I followed him to the grave, — proud to appear in his obsequies, though as the obscurest of those who bore any official part therein, — I felt that I was helping to bury, not only a great man, but a true friend. From that day to this the story of the life and death of General Grant [2] has more and more impressed and touched me.

I never allowed myself to make his acquaintance until he had quitted the White House. The period of his political activity was full of uncouth and unsparing partisan contention. It was a kind of civil war. I had my duty to do, and I did not dare trust myself to the subduing influence of what I was sure must follow friendly relations between such a man as he was and I knew myself to be. In this I was not mistaken, as the sequel proved. I met him for the first time beneath

[1] From an address delivered at a banquet in Chicago, the day after the unveiling of a statue of General Ulysses S. Grant (1891).

[2] General Grant was president for two terms.

my own fig tree,[1] and a happy series of accidents thereafter gave me the opportunity to meet him often and to know him well.

He was the embodiment of simplicity, integrity, and courage; every inch a general, a soldier, and a man; but in the circumstances of his last illness, a figure of heroic proportions for the contemplation of the ages. I recall nothing in history so sublime as the spectacle of that brave spirit, broken in fortune and in health, with the dread hand of the dark angel clutched about his throat, struggling with every breath to hold the clumsy, unfamiliar weapon with which he sought to wrest from the jaws of death a little something for the support of wife and children when he was gone![2] If he had done nothing else, that would have made his exit from the world an immortal epic!

A little while after I came home from the last scene of all, I found that woman's hand had collected the insignia I had worn in the magnificent, melancholy pageant, — the orders assigning me to duty and the funeral scarfs and badges, — and had grouped and framed them, unbidden, silently, tenderly; and when I reflected that the hands that did this were those of a loving Southern woman, whose father had fallen on the Confederate side of the battle, I said, "The war indeed is over; let us have peace!"

[1] "But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree." Micah iv. 4.

[2] In his last days General Grant was involved in financial difficulties by the failure of a firm with which he was connected. He started to pay off his debts in full by publishing his memoirs. His widow received about $500,000 from the copyright. The unfamiliar weapon was, of course, his pen.

Gentlemen, soldiers, comrades, the silken folds that entwine about us here, for all their soft and careless grace, are yet as strong as hooks of steel! They hold together a united people and a great nation; for, realizing the truth at last, — with no wounds to be healed and no stings of defeat to remember, — the South says to the North as simply and as truly as was said three thousand years ago in that far-away meadow upon the margin of the mystic sea, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." [1]

EVER PRESENT OPPORTUNITY [2]

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

(1895)

Booker T. Washington (1857–), educator, was born a slave near Hale's Ford, Virginia. He was educated at Hampton Normal Institute. In 1880 he became principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, which position he still holds.

A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen the signal, "Water, water; we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back, "Cast down your bucket

[1] Ruth i. 16.

[2] From an address at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, 1895. By permission of Dr. Booker T. Washington.

where you are." A second time the signal, "Water, water; send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel, and was answered, "Cast down your bucket where you are." And a third and fourth signal for water was answered, "Cast down your bucket where you are." The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River. To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land, or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern white man, who is their next-door neighbor, I would say, "Cast down your bucket where you are" — cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded. Cast it down in agriculture, mechanics, in commerce, in domestic service, and in the professions.

And in this connection it is well to bear in mind, that whatever other sins the South may be called to bear, that when it comes to business, pure and simple, it is in the South that the negro is given a man's chance in the commercial world, and in nothing is this exposition more eloquent than in emphasizing this chance. Our greatest danger is that, in the great leap from slavery to freedom, we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the productions of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life, shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial, the ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful. No race can prosper

till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life that we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our ~~grievances~~ sorrows to overshadow our opportunities.

To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongues and habits, for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted, I would repeat what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among the eight million negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when, to have proved treacherous, meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labor wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, builded your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your bucket among my people, helping and encouraging them, as you are doing on these grounds, to educate head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. While doing this, you can be sure in the future, as in the past, that you and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, law-abiding and unresentful people that the world has seen. As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future in our humble way we shall

stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defense of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil, and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests of both races as one. In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.

There is no defense or security for any of us except in the highest intelligence and development of all. If anywhere there are efforts tending to curtail the fullest growth of the negro, let these efforts be turned into stimulating, encouraging, and making him the most useful and intelligent citizen. Effort or means invested will pay a thousand per cent interest. These efforts will be twice blessed, — "blessing him that gives and him that takes." [1]

[1] From Portia's speech on mercy. Court Scene, "Merchant of Venice."

STUDENT HEROES[1]

CHARLES W. ELIOT

(1898)

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT (1834–) was born at Boston and educated at Harvard College. For a time he was Professor of Analytical Chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. At thirty years of age he was chosen president of Harvard University, serving the institution in this capacity until 1909, when he resigned. Dr. Eliot is the author of several textbooks on chemistry, and of many articles on educational subjects. He has been a leading figure in the educational world for forty years.

Brother Roosevelt's phrase, "Gave their young lives," is a common one enough; but how much it means! These youths who died in this Cuban War have given what you all are looking forward to with intense hope, expectation, delight, satisfaction, and joy. Life is over with them. For you it is just opening. Imagine for an instant what they have given. They cannot experience the joys, the delights, the hopes which fill your hearts with anticipation. Human life is gone for them.

What did they give their lives for? We have been asking that question, and sometimes we get an adverse answer. We all have seen the sentiment that this war

[1] From an address delivered before a Harvard University mass meeting, to decide upon some memorial to college students who died or were killed in the Cuban War.

was not worth fighting for, that this war will bring upon the country unforeseen evils, that the young men had no cause to go to this war, that educated men in particular ought to have known better than to have gone to such a war. I do not repeat what I hear. These views seem to me unsound; but, if sound, irrelevant.

What does this building teach? What has it been teaching the youth of Harvard for thirty years? What does it say to the men who have gone in and out here during their whole college lives? Has it not said to them, "It is noble to die for your country"?[1] Has it not said to them, "If you die for your country, your name shall be written up somewhere on the grounds of the college"? I, for one, feel that Memorial Hall has said just that to all those who went to this Cuban War. It has said to them, "You shall be remembered here, if you fall."

If in the future this country shall be able to get on well, and hold a strong place among the nations of the earth without maintaining such armies and navies as have burdened the nations of Europe, it will be because the other nations, and we, ourselves, believe that, when the government of this country makes its appeal to battle, the youth will come. Now, this is just what our comrades who have died in this Cuban War did, and I believe that they should be lastingly commemorated on these grounds. But I would not advise that any hasty action be taken with regard to the form of the memorial. On looking back on Memorial Hall, I see that it was several years after the close

[1] "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." Horace, Odes 3, 2, 13.

of the Civil War before this building began to rise on this spot; and there were good reasons for the delay.

We do not yet know how many graduates and sons of Harvard were enlisted in this war. Let us not be too quick to imagine what form of memorial shall be raised to these friends of ours whose lives have been given in this war. Let us declare here that so far as in us lies they shall be worthily commemorated; but let us wait until we know how many are to be commemorated. Let us wait until we know more than we now do about the issues of this war.

It is true that the memory of those who fall in any war is affected by the issues of the war. There is no doubt that men hold in remembrance longer and more dearly those who fought in a war that turns out to be a war for civilization, for the progress of mankind. Let us wait until we know something more than we now know about the ultimate issues of the strife in which our comrades fell; but let us absolutely determine that they shall be affectionately and honorably remembered here.

IN MEMORY OF STEPHEN GIRARD[1]

THOMAS B. REED
(1898)

THOMAS B. REED (1839–1902), statesman, was born at Portland, Maine. He graduated at Bowdoin College, and shortly after moved to California, where he studied law and was admitted to the Bar.

He was appointed acting assistant paymaster in the United States navy, and served until November 4, 1865, when he was honorably discharged. He returned to Portland, Maine, and resumed his practice of law. He was a member of Congress for ten terms, serving as Speaker of the House during three terms. As Speaker of the 51st Congress he introduced a measure afterwards known as the "Reed Rules" for completing a quorum, by ordering recorded as present on the roll call the names of the opposition present who refused to respond to the call. The Supreme Court sustained him in this ruling, and it was adopted by the House. He opposed the administration of President McKinley on questions growing out of the war with Spain, and rather than embarrass his party by joining those opposed to the policy of expansion, he resigned and established himself in the practice of law in New York.

That men who achieve great riches are not always shut out by their riches from the nobler emotions, Stephen Girard[2] was himself a most illustrious example. A hundred years ago this city was under the black

[1] From an oration delivered at the jubilee of Girard College, Philadelphia, in 1898.

[2] Stephen Girard, a great merchant, of French birth, who left his millions to found Girard College.

horror of a plague. So terrible was the fear that fell upon the city that the tenderest of domestic ties — the love of husband and wife and of parents for children — seemed obliterated. Even gold lost its power in the multitudinous presence of impending death. There was no refuge, even in the hospital, which, reeking with disease, was a hell out of which there was no redemption. Neither money nor affection could buy service. "Fear was on every soul."

Mr. Girard was then in the prime of life, forty-two years old, in health and strength, already rich, and with a future as secure as ever falls to human lot. Of his own accord, as a volunteer, he took charge of the interior of the deadly hospital, and for two long weary months stood face to face with death.

A poet himself has sung in vain of what makes the little songs linger in our hearts for ages, while epics perish and tragedies pass out of sight. Why this is so we shall never know by reason alone. Away down in the human heart there is a tenderness for self-sacrifice which makes it seem loftier than the love of glory, and reveals the possibility of the eternal soul.

Wars and sieges pass away, and great intellectual efforts cease to stir our hearts, but the man who sacrifices himself for his fellow lives forever.

We forget the war in which was the siege of Zutphen, and almost the city itself, but we shall never forget the death of Sir Philip Sidney.[1] Scholars alone read

[1] Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586), an author and soldier of the Elizabethan era. He was killed at Zutphen in Gelderland while aiding the Dutch to throw off the yoke of Spain. While lying mortally wounded on the field, a cup of water was handed to him. He passed it to a dying soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

the work of his life, but all mankind honors him in the story of his death. The great war of the Crimea, in our own day, with its generals and marshals, and its bands of storming soldiery, has almost passed from our memories, but the time will never come when the charge of Balaklava [1] will cease to stir the heart or pass from story or from song. It happened to Stephen Girard, mariner and merchant, seeking wealth and finding it, whose ships covered every sea, whose intellect penetrated, as your treasurer's books will show, a hundred years into the future, to light up his life by a deed more noble than the dying courtesy of Sidney and braver than the charge of the six hundred, for he walked under his own order day by day and week by week, shoulder to shoulder with death, and was not afraid. How fit, indeed, it is that amidst these temples which are the tribute to his intellect should stand the tablet which is the tribute to his heart!

Surely, if the immortal dead, serene with the wisdom of eternity, are not above all joy and pride, he must feel a thrill to know that no mariner or merchant ever sent forth a venture upon unknown seas which came back with richer cargoes or in statelier ships.

[1] Referring to the charge of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaklava in the Crimean War. Through a mistake this brigade, unsupported, charged the Russian batteries. But a handful returned. Tennyson has immortalized the deed in verse.

THE REPUBLIC[1]

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

(1900)

William Jennings Bryan (1860–) was born at Salem, Illinois. He graduated from Illinois College with highest honors. Studied law in Chicago and was admitted to the Bar. He removed to Lincoln, Nebraska; three years later he was elected to Congress, where he served on the Ways and Means Committee, one of the youngest members to be thus honored. He was reëlected the following term. He founded and edited *The Commoner*, a weekly journal devoted to politics. He has been the candidate of the Democratic party in three presidential elections, but was each time defeated.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee: I can never fully discharge the debt of gratitude which I owe to my countrymen for the honors which they have so generously bestowed upon me; but, sirs, whether it be my lot to occupy the high office for which the convention has named me, or to spend the remainder of my days in private life, it shall be my constant ambition and my controlling purpose to aid in realizing the high ideals of those whose wisdom and courage and sacrifice brought this republic into existence.

I can conceive of a national destiny surpassing the glories of the present and the past — a destiny which

[1] Peroration of a speech accepting the Democratic nomination for the presidency. By permission of the author.

meets the responsibilities of to-day and measures up to the possibilities of the future. Behold a republic, resting securely upon the foundation stones quarried by revolutionary patriots from the mountain of eternal truth — a republic applying in practice and proclaiming to the world the self-evident proposition — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed with inalienable rights; that governments are instituted among men to secure these rights; that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.[1]

Behold a republic in which civil and religious liberty stimulate all to earnest endeavor and in which the law restrains every hand uplifted for a neighbor's injury — a republic in which every citizen is a sovereign, but in which no one cares to wear a crown. Behold a republic standing erect, while empires all around are bowed beneath the weight of their own armaments — a republic whose flag is loved while other flags are only feared.

Behold a republic increasing in population, in wealth, in strength and in influence, solving the problems of civilization and hastening the coming of a universal brotherhood — a republic which shakes thrones and dissolves aristocracies by its silent example, and gives light and inspiration to those who sit in darkness.

Behold a republic gradually, but surely, becoming the supreme moral factor in the world's progress and the accepted arbiter of the world's disputes — a republic whose history, like the path of the just, "is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." [2]

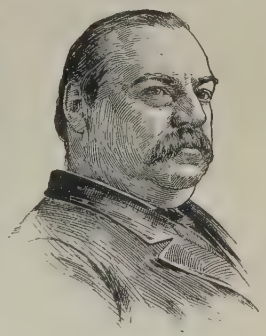
[1] See the Declaration of Independence. [2] Proverbs iv. 18.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF McKINLEY[1]

GROVER CLEVELAND

(1901)

GROVER CLEVELAND (1837–1908), statesman, was born at Caldwell, New Jersey. His family moved to Fayetteville, New York, where he attended the public schools. Because of the death of his father, he was compelled to give up the idea of a college education, and entered the law office of Rogers, Brown, and Rogers, Buffalo. He was admitted to the Bar, and four years later appointed assistant district attorney for Erie County. He served successively as sheriff of Erie County, mayor of Buffalo, and governor of New York state. In 1884 he was nominated by the Democratic party for president, and was elected over James G. Blaine, the Republican nominee. In 1888, he was renominated for president, but was defeated by Benjamin Harrison; in 1892 he was again nominated by the Democratic party, and was elected over President Harrison, the Republican nominee.



All our people loved their dead President. His kindly nature and lovable traits of character and his amiable consideration for all about him will long be in the minds and hearts of his countrymen. He loved them in return with such patriotism and unselfishness that in the hour of their grief and humiliation he would say to them: "It is God's will; I am content. If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to those who still live and have the destiny of their country in their keeping."

[1] From an address to the students of Princeton University.

Let us, then, as our dead is buried out of our sight, seek for the lessons and the admonitions that may be suggested by the life and death which constitute our theme.

First in my thoughts are the lessons to be learned from the career of William McKinley by the young men who make up the student body of our university. These lessons are not obscure nor difficult. They teach the value of study and mental training, but they teach more impressively that the road to usefulness, and to the only success worth having, will be missed or lost except it is sought and kept by the light of those qualities of heart which it is sometimes supposed may safely be neglected or subordinated in university surroundings. This is a great mistake. Study, and study hard, but never let the thought enter your mind that study alone, or the greatest possible accumulation of learning alone, will lead you to the heights of usefulness and success.

The man who is universally mourned to-day achieved the highest distinction which his great country can confer on any man, and he lived a useful life. He was not deficient in education, but withal you will not hear that either the high place he reached or what he accomplished was due entirely to his education. You will instead constantly hear as accounting for his great success that he was obedient and affectionate as a son, patriotic and faithful as soldier, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral, and clean in every relation of life. He never thought any of these things too weak for manliness. Make no mistake. Here was a most

distinguished man, a great man, a useful man, who became distinguished, great, and useful because he had, and retained unimpaired, the qualities of heart which I fear university students sometimes feel like keeping in the background or abandoning.

There is a most serious lesson for all of us in the tragedy of our late President's death. The shock of it is so great that it is hard at this time to read this lesson calmly. We can hardly fail to see, however, behind the bloody deed of the assassin, horrible figures and faces from which it will not do to turn away. If we are to escape further attack upon our peace and security, we must boldly and resolutely grapple with the monster of anarchy. It is not a thing that we can safely leave to be dealt with by party or partisanship. Nothing can guarantee us against its menace except the teaching and the practice of the best citizenship, the exposure of the ends and aims of the gospel of discontent and hatred of social order, and the brave enactment and execution of repressive laws.

Our universities and colleges cannot refuse to join in the battle against the tendencies of anarchy. Their help in discovering and warning against the relationship between the vicious councils and deeds of blood, and their steadying influence upon the elements of unrest cannot fail to be of inestimable value.

By the memory of our murdered President, let us resolve to cultivate and preserve the qualities that made him great and useful; and let us determine to meet the call of patriotic duty in every time of our country's danger or need.

THE PERIOD OF EXCLUSIVENESS IS PAST[1]

WILLIAM McKINLEY

(1901)

William McKinley (1843–1901), statesman, was born at Niles, Ohio, and educated at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania. In 1861 he enlisted as a private soldier, serving throughout the war with distinction. On his return home he studied law and was admitted to the Bar, settling in Canton, Ohio. He was representative in Congress for several terms, and was for four years governor of Ohio. He was twice elected president of the United States. On September 6, 1901, while attending the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York, he was shot by an anarchist of foreign birth.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good-will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steam-

[1] From President McKinley's last speech, delivered in Buffalo during the World's Fair in 1901, the day before his assassination. Taken from the version found in "The World's Famous Orations," by permission of Funk & Wagnalls Company.

ship service. New lines of steamships have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the western coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the conveyance to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag; built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense, they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed. In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This Exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the New World. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine [1] is inseparably associated with the

[1] James G. Blaine. See biographical note, page 191.

Pan-American movement which finds here practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American Congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. Those buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to "make it live beyond its too short living with praises and thanksgiving." Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought through this Exposition?

Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler efforts for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence, and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the people and powers of earth.

JUSTICE FOR THE FILIPINOS[1]

GEORGE F. HOAR

(1902)

This war, if you call it war, has gone on for three hundred years. It will go on in some form for three hundred years more, unless this policy be abandoned. You will undoubtedly have times of peace and quiet, or pretended submission. You will buy men with titles or office or salaries. You will intimidate cowards. You will get pretended and fawning submission. The land will smile and seem at peace. But the volcano will be there. The lava will break out again. You can never settle this thing until you settle it right.

Gentlemen, tell us that the Filipinos are savages, that they have inflicted torture, that they have dishonored our dead and outraged the living. That very likely may be true. Spain said the same things of the Cubans. We have made the same charges against our own countrymen in the disturbed days after the war. The reports of committees and the evidence in the documents in our library are full of them. But who ever heard before of an American gentleman, or an American, who took as a rule for his own conduct that of his antagonist, or who claimed that the republic should act as savages because she had savages to deal with? I had supposed, Mr. President, that the question, whether a gentleman shall lie or murder or torture depended on his sense of his own character, and not on his opinion of his victim. Of all the miserable sophistical shifts

[1] From an address delivered in the United States Senate in 1902.

which have attended this wretched business from the beginning, there is none more miserable than this.

Mr. President, this is the eternal law of human nature. You may struggle against it, you may try to escape it, you may persuade yourself that your intentions are benevolent, that your yoke will be easy and your burden will be light,[1] but it will assert itself again. Government without the consent of the governed — an authority which Heaven never gave — can only be supported by means which Heaven never can sanction.

The American people have got this one question to answer. They may answer it now; they can take ten years or twenty years, or a generation, or a century, to think of it. But it will not down. They must answer it in the end: Can you lawfully buy with money, or get by brute force of arms, the right to hold in subjugation an unwilling people, and to impose on them such constitution as you, and not they, think best for them?

We have answered this question a good many times in the past. The fathers answered it in 1776, and founded a republic upon their answer, which has been the corner stone. John Quincy Adams[2] and James Monroe[3] answered it again in the Monroe Doctrine, which John Quincy Adams declared was only the doctrine of the consent of the governed. The Republican party answered it when it took possession of the force

[1] Cf. Matthew xi. 29.

[2] See biographical note, page 103.

[3] James Monroe (1758–1831), president of the United States from 1817 to 1825. He is known as the author of the doctrine that European nations shall not be allowed to increase their territorial possessions in either of the Americas.

of government at the beginning of the most brilliant period in all legislative history. Abraham Lincoln answered it when, on that fatal journey to Washington in 1861, he announced that the doctrine of his political creed, and declared, with prophetic vision, that he was ready to be assassinated for it if need be. You answered it again yourselves when you said that Cuba, who had no more title than the people of the Philippine Islands had to their independence, of right ought to be free and independent.

The question will be answered again hereafter. It will be answered soberly and deliberately and quietly, as the American people are wont to answer great questions of duty. It will be answered, not in any turbulent assembly, amid shouting and clapping of hands and stamping of feet, where men do their thinking with their heels and not with their brains. It will be answered in the churches and in the schools and in the colleges; and it will be answered in fifteen million American homes; and it will be answered as it has always been answered. It will be answered right.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY[1]

HENRY CABOT LODGE

(1903)

HENRY CABOT LODGE (1850–), statesman and author, was born at Boston and educated at Harvard College. He served in the National House of Representatives for four terms. Since 1893 he has been a member of the United States Senate from Massachusetts.

There are some persons, native, alas! and to the manor born, who can see nothing of interest, nothing picturesque, nothing romantic, in this history of the United States, one little fragment of which I have tried faintly to outline. Such beings, steadily declining in numbers in these later years, always remind me of the tendrils which a vine sometimes thrusts through the crevices of a house wall into some cellar or unused chamber. They grow there in the twilight very fast, quite perfect, too, in form, for they are in shelter there where the winds do not beat upon them nor the sun scorch nor insects gnaw them. But they are pale things, white of leaf and shoot, when they should be dark and green. And then winter comes and the vine sleeps, and when it awakes in the spring the hard brown trunk and branches which have been twisted and stripped in the storms and faced cold and heat and sunshine and clouds fill with sap and burgeon with leaves and rich

[1] From an address delivered at Greenfield, Mass., in 1903, on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town.

The full address, "A Frontier Town," is contained in a volume entitled, "A Frontier Town and other Essays." The extract given here is published by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

young life; but the tendrils which have crept into the sheltered dimness of the cellar are withered and dead, and bloom no more.

So the pallid souls who can see nothing, read no meaning in all this history of the United States, have dwelt so long in the twilight of the past, in the shelter of foreign lands far from the rude, vigorous, exuberant life of this new world of ours, that they have grown feeble of sight and extinct of feeling. They must have ruins and castles and walled towns and all the heaped-up riches of the centuries about them before they can believe that there is any history worth the telling. He would indeed be dull of soul who could walk unmoved in spirit among the tombs of Westminster,[1] or gaze indifferently upon the cathedral of Amiens,[2] or look out unstirred over the Roman Forum,[3] or behold from the Sicilian shore, without a quickening of the pulse, the crags which Polyphemus[4] hurled after Ulysses. Man's work on earth is of profoundest interest to man, and where his monuments are gathered thickest, memories cluster most, and we seem nearest to those who have gone before. But those who think that this is all, mistake the vesture for reality. They are still believers in the doctrine of clothes,[5] explained once by Thomas Carlyle in a manner which it would profit

[1] Westminster Abbey, London, England. [2] In France.

[3] The public meeting place of the popular Roman assemblies.

[4] Polyphemus was the Cyclops whose eye Ulysses put out, so that he and his companions might escape from the cave of the giant to the ship. Polyphemus attempted, though blind, to sink the ship by hurling huge rocks toward it. See translation of "Odyssey."

[5] Thomas Carlyle's philosophy of clothes is to be found in "Sartor Resartus."

them to read. Like Lear, they would do well to tear off "these lendings," come to the naked facts, and find the soul which inhabits them.

There is something older than walled towns and castles and ruins, and that is the history of the race who built them. It is well to give the plays of Shakespeare all the splendors of mounting and costume and scenery which the resources of the modern theater can bestow, but these things are not Shakespeare. The immortal poetry, the greatest genius among men were all there on the bare platform of the "Globe" [1] playhouse when a sign alone told the audience what the scene of action was. The background is important, very pleasurable too, but the drama of humanity is what gives it value, and the scenery is secondary to the actors and the play. The trappings and the clothes of history count for much, no doubt, in Europe or Asia or Egypt, — chiefly for what they may tell us of those who made them; but man himself and of our own race is and has been here, too, for some three hundred years, just as in those older lands. Come out of the twilight, then, into the noonday, and look at him and his deeds. Here we have seen in our history men engaged in that which was the very first battle of humanity against the primeval forces of nature, before there was any history except what can be read in a few chipped flints. Here in this America of ours in the last three centuries we have had waged the bitter struggle of the race against the earth gods and the demons of air and forest, but it has been carried on by civilized men, not skin-clad savages, upon a scale never before, and which, upon our

[1] The Globe was one of the Shakespearean playhouses of London.

little globe now all mapped and navigated, will never be seen again. Our three centuries have watched the living tide roll on, pushing the savage who had wasted his inheritance before it, and sweeping off to one side or the other rival races which strove with it for mastery. Here has been effected the conquest of a continent, its submission to the uses of man; and there is no greater achievement possible than this with all its manifold meanings. Here the years have seen a new nation founded, built up, and then welded together in the greatest war of the last century, at a vast sacrifice dictated only by faith in country, and by the grand refusal to dissolve into jarring atoms. To me there is here an epic of human life and a drama of human action larger in its proportions than almost any which have gone before. To those who can discern only crude civilization, unkempt, unfinished cities, little towns on the border, unbeautiful in hasty and perishable houses, rawness and roughness, and a lack of the refinements of more ancient seats of the race, I say, you are still under the dominion of the religion of clothes. You hear only the noise of the streets, and you are deaf to the mighty harmonies which sound across the ages.

There is a majestic sweep to the events which have befallen in this Western Hemisphere since the founding of Jamestown [1] and Plymouth [2] which it is hard to rival in any movement of mankind. And it is all compact of those personal incidents which stir the heart and touch the imagination more than the march of the race, because we are each one of us nearer to the man than to the multitude. These are the events which in the

[1] 1607. [2] 1620.

mass make up human history, and wherever human history has been made we find them, whether on the sandy plains of Troy [1] or in an American forest.

AMERICAN MOTHERHOOD [2]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(1905)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858–), statesman, was born in New York city. He graduated from Harvard College. He was three times elected to the New York legislature. He served as a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, under Presidents Harrison and Cleveland. He was appointed assistant Secretary of the Navy by President McKinley, but resigned to recruit the first United States volunteer cavalry, commonly known as the "Rough Riders." He was commissioned lieutenant colonel, and promoted to rank of colonel after the battle of San Juan. At the close of the Spanish War he was elected governor of New York state. Later he became vice president of the United States, and by reason of the assassination of President McKinley became president. After the completion of the term, he was elected president.

Into the women's keeping is committed the destiny of the generation to come after us. In bringing up

[1] Troy was the scene of the Ten Years War for the recovery of Helen of Sparta. See translation of "Iliad."

[2] From a speech delivered before the National Congress of Mothers. By permission of Funk & Wagnalls Company.

your children, you mothers must remember that while it is essential to be loving and tender, it is no less essential to be wise and firm. Foolishness and affection must not be treated as interchangeable terms; and besides training your sons and daughters in the softer and milder virtues, you must seek to give them those stern and hardy qualities which in after life they will surely need. Some children will go wrong in spite of the best training; and some will go right, even when their surroundings are most unfortunate; nevertheless, an immense amount depends upon the family training. If you mothers through weakness bring up your sons to be selfish and to think only of themselves, you will be responsible for much sadness among the women who are to be their wives in the future. If you let your daughters grow up idle, perhaps under the mistaken impression that as you yourselves have had to work hard they shall know only enjoyment, you are preparing them to be useless to others and burdens to themselves. Teach boys and girls alike that they are not to look forward to lives spent in avoiding difficulties, but to lives spent in overcoming difficulties. Teach them that work, for themselves and also for others, is not a curse but a blessing; seek to make them happy, to make them enjoy life, but seek also to make them face life with the steadfast resolution to wrest success from labor and adversity, and to do their whole duty before God and to man. Surely she who can thus train her sons and her daughters is thrice fortunate among women.[1]

[1] Cf. Luke i. 41.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE REPUBLIC[1]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(1905)

Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the half century are felt in every fiber of our social and political being. Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the forms of a democratic republic. The conditions which have told for our marvelous material well-being, which have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance, and individual initiative, also have brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centers.

Upon the success of our experiment much depends, not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind. If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations, and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is to-day, and to the generations yet unborn.

There is no good reason why we should fear the future, but there is every reason why we should face it seriously, neither hiding from ourselves the gravity of the problems before us, nor fearing to approach these problems with the unbending, unflinching purpose to solve them aright.

Yet after all, though the problems are new, though

[1] From President Roosevelt's inaugural address, March 4, 1905.

the tasks set before us differ from the tasks set before our fathers, who founded and preserved this republic, the spirit in which these tasks must be undertaken and these problems faced, if our duty is to be well done, remains essentially unchanged. We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the free men who compose it.

But we have faith that we shall not prove false to memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work; they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted and enlarged to our children's children.

To do so, we must show, not merely in great crises, but in the everyday affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood, and endurance, and, above all, the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this republic in the days of Washington; which made great the men who preserved this republic in the day of Abraham Lincoln.

INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL PIONEERS [1]

WILLIAM H. P. FAUNCE

(1908)

WILLIAM HERBERT PERRY FAUNCE (1859–), educator, was born at Worcester, Massachusetts. He graduated from Brown University; was ordained to Baptist ministry and became pastor of a church in Springfield, Massachusetts. In 1899 he was elected president of Brown University.

Rhode Island has given to the country at large the finest example of the spirit and work of the normal and religious pioneer. The true explorers are not always the men who discover lakes and rivers or ride for the first time through burning deserts or across snowy mountain passes. The real pioneers are those who push out the boundaries of the human spirit, open up routes of intellectual commerce, and establish outposts of human freedom. If we honor Coronado [2] and De Soto [3] and Fremont [4] and Major Powell,[5] much more we honor the men who have gone "voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone," the men who blazed a path

[1] From an address of President W. H. P. Faunce, delivered on Rhode Island Day at the Jamestown Centennial Exposition.

[2] Coronado, a Spanish governor of Mexico, who conquered the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and explored as far north as the Platt River in his search for gold (1540–1542).

[3] Ferdinand de Soto, the explorer of Florida and discoverer of the Mississippi (1539–1542). He, like Coronado, made his discoveries while searching for gold.

[4] John C. Fremont of California, pioneer and explorer. In 1856 he was a candidate for the presidency.

[5] Major John Wesley Powell, born in 1834, the explorer of the Colorado Cañon and other regions in the West, and director of the United States Geological Survey.

through the forests and thickets of ancient prejudice; the men who have slain the beasts of tyranny and cruelty and built homes for liberty and truth.

Roger Williams[1] and his associates were not merely laying the frontier of the modern world. They were incarnating in an actually existing commonwealth the visions which had come many times to poets and statesmen, but which seemed too good to be true. Others had affirmed the majesty of the human conscience. Others had declared that neither political nor ecclesiastical functionary might come between the soul and its God. Others had affirmed the separation of the civil and religious realm. Roger Williams was the first man to found a State on that principle of separation, a State whose fundamental compact was a promise of allegiance and obedience "in civil things only." Cut in the gleaming marble of the façade of the Rhode Island Capitol is the sentence in which he sets forth his great ideal: "To hold forth a lively experiment that a most flourishing civil state may stand and best be maintained with full liberty in religious concernments." This ideal was the basis of the original compact, and was incorporated into the charter granted by King Charles in 1663: "No person within said colony at any time hereafter shall be in any wise molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question, for any difference of opinion in matters of religion, who does not actively disturb the civil peace of our said colony."

Roger Williams's principle was not the fruit of logic, it was with him a primary conviction. It was the fun-

[1] Roger Williams (1599–1683), the founder of Rhode Island. He left England in 1630 and became a minister at Salem. From

damental principle of Puritanism fully understood and heartily followed. It has now become the corner stone of modern political doctrine, accepted more or less consistently by all civilized States. But to discern its truth early in the seventeenth century, to embody it in a heroic and stainless life, and to build it into the foundation of an enduring State is the unique and unfading distinction of the founder of Rhode Island.

In the world to-day there is not much more room for the physical pioneer. The great American desert is vanishing, the dark continent is shot through with light, and even the north pole is besieged by expeditions that cannot long fail of success. But the moral pioneer is to-day more clearly called for than ever before in history. Our country is demanding the fearless application of its moral standard in the realms of industry, commerce, finance, and international law. Our country is turning wearily away from captains of industry who are merely "law honest," and from political leaders who are turning public office into private plunder. The public are eagerly asking for men who can courageously lead the way into the complete moralization of industry and the public service. The men who render greatest service to their country are not those who pile marble to the twentieth story, or whiten the seas with ships, or organize gigantic enterprises. They are those that give us a deeper sense of the things that abide, a clearer vision of public duty, a loftier standard by which to live and die.

this colony he was expelled for heresy. He, with some adherents, founded a new colony, where there should be complete religious toleration (1636).

PATRIOTISM[1]

ARCHBISHOP O'CONNELL

(1910)

His Grace, Most Reverend William H. O'Connell (1859–——), was born at Lowell, Massachusetts. He was educated in Boston College, and after graduating in 1881 continued his ecclesiastical studies in Rome. Following a period of service in the priesthood in America, Father O'Connell became rector of the American College in Rome. In 1901 he was appointed bishop of Portland, Maine, and in 1905 was sent by the Pope to Japan as special envoy in the interests of the church. While there he won the friendship of the Mikado, who conferred special honors upon him. During his absence from this country he was appointed Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Boston, and two years later, upon the death of the venerable Archbishop Williams, Archbishop O'Connell succeeded to the full duties of the Archdiocese.

Patriotism, the love of one's native land, has ever been considered by all humanity among the most hallowed of all the highest and noblest human sentiments. What the love of life and personal honor is to the individual, patriotism is to the nation. Its roots may be traced to the most sacred principles of our nature.

Every human being born into this world has a place and a duty allotted to him, definite and limited; he is to work out his human destiny in certain surroundings, in certain relationships with his fellow men. The place where his eyes first opened to the light of day is ever to him a sacred spot. The roof under which he was

[1] From a lecture delivered before the conference of Saint Vincent de Paul, Boston, February, 1910.

By special permission of his Grace, Archbishop William H. O'Connell.

born, the playgrounds of his early childhood, the little school where first he learned to read, the village church where as child and youth and man he held sacred intercourse with God, — these to each of us are among the most sacred things of life.

The home, the family fireside, the tender maternal care, the watchful father's guidance, the playmates, the friends, — all these are the golden treasures of life. The great ones of the earth amid all their glory, pomp, and state, have always cherished them as a most sacred memory. Be they all ever so lowly, they are still the sweetest things in all life, and all this, elevated, enlarged, and consecrated, is what men call Patriotism.

Patriotism has given birth to the most sublime heroism, and the most noble devotion of which the human heart is capable. It is a passion which grows with age. The exile sighs for the green hills of his own land, and pines for the soft, flowing river where he dreamed his youth away.

Strong men, little moved by other things, have grown heartsick at the thought of their distant home, and, in the midst of all that strange lands could offer them, have often wept, as, at the recurrence of some time-honored festival, memory carried them back over years and continents and seas to the cot of their youth and "the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn."

It is all so intimately a part of human life, this great passion for home and native land, that men, again and again, with joy, lay down their lives for it.

A free people can never endure the tyranny of a stranger enforced by the domination of might and

numbers. Neither they, nor their children, nor their children's children, can ever rest until the tyranny is broken and the slavery ended. And when a hero arises to rescue the peace and the freedom of his native land, the whole nation chants his praises, raises monuments to his memory, and hands down his name to posterity as a nation's sacred treasure.

But if men everywhere feel this undying attachment to home and native land, woman, by her very nature, possesses it more keenly and more tenaciously. More affectionate than man, her patriotism is ever stronger than his; more imaginative and sensitive than he, she idealizes and ennobles with a more inspiring touch whatever she loves.

The cradle of her infant, the grave where her children lie, the altar, the statues which adorn it, the flowers which she lays upon it, the lights which she kindles before it, — all these are for woman the very light of her eyes and the very blood of her heart. And out of the passionate love for all these things which are the life of her life, patriotism in her thus idealized begets an enthusiasm and an exaltation of which woman alone is capable.

And thus, when her country is threatened, she herself with firm hands, even though her lips tremble, buckles the armor on her husband and son, and sends them out to die in defense of their noblest earthly duty.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Adams, Charles Francis — *Gettysburg*, 167.
Adams, John — *Democratic Government*, 45.
Adams, John Quincy — *The Sword of Washington! The Staff of Franklin*, 103.
Adams, Samuel — *American Independence*, 27.
Ames, Fisher — *What is Patriotism?* 43.
Anthony, Susan B. — *Woman's Right to the Suffrage*, 171.
Baker, Edward D. — *The National Flag*, 143.
Beecher, Henry Ward — *Behold our Flag!* 159; *The Death of Lincoln*, 164.
Blaine, James G. — *The Death of President Garfield*, 191.
Brant, Joseph — *To the Government of George III*, 24.
Breckenridge, W. C. P. — *The Pilgrims*, 214.
Brooks, Phillips — *Abraham Lincoln*, 161.
Brooks, Preston S. — *In Defense of the Attack on Sumner*, 121.
Brown, John — *Speech to the Court*, 124.
Bryan, William J. — *The Republic*, 235.
Burlingame, Anson — *The Assault on Sumner*, 118.
Calhoun, John C. — *How can the Union be Preserved?* 111.
Choate, Rufus — *Against National Enmity*, 88.
Clay, Cassius M. — *The Union*, 86; *The Spirit of American Freedom*, 93.
Clay, Henry — *The War of 1812*, 59; *Suffering Greece*, 67.
Cleveland, Grover — *Lessons from the Life of McKinley*, 237.
Collins, Patrick A. — *Tribute to John Boyle O'Reilly*, 220.
Conkling, Roscoe — *Grant for a Third Term*, 185.
Cook, Joseph — *The Future of the United States*, 197.
Corwin, Thomas — *A Plea for Mexico*, 96.
Davis, Jefferson — *On withdrawing from the Union*, 134.
Depew, Chauncey M. — *The Torch of Liberty*, 209.

Douglas, Stephen A. — *The Enfranchisement of the Negro*, 127; *The Necessity of Union*, 142.
Eliot, Charles William — *Student Heroes*, 229.
Everett, Edward — *The Heroes of the Revolution*, 79.
Farmer, A New England — *War with Great Britain*, 57.
Faunce, W. H. P. — *Intellectual and Spiritual Pioneers*, 254.
Franklin, Benjamin — *On the Federal Constitution*, 30.
Garfield, James A. — *Sherman for President*, 188.
Garrison, William Lloyd — *Let the Oppressed go Free!* 131.
Grady, Henry W. — *The New South to New England*, 205.
Grant, Ulysses S. — *Grant's Farewell*, 152.
Hamilton, Alexander — *On the Federal Constitution*, 33.
Harrison, Benjamin — *True Patriotism*, 212.
Henry, Patrick — *Give me Liberty, or give me Death!* 19.
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth — *Eulogy on Grant*, 200.
Hoar, George F. — *Great Sons of Massachusetts*, 178; *Justice for the Filipinos*, 243.
Jefferson, Thomas — *An Estimate of Washington*, 64.
Lee, Henry — *Eulogy on George Washington*, 48.
Lincoln, Abraham — *Popular Government*, 138; *Government of the People, by the People, for the People*, 151; *A Just and Lasting Peace*, 156.
Lodge, Henry Cabot — *The Romance of American History*, 246.
Logan, John (Indian chief) — *To Lord Dunmore*, 18.
Long, John D. — *The Hero of the Civil War*, 194.
Lowell, John (A New England Farmer) — *War with Great Britain*, 57.
McKinley, William — *The Period of Exclusiveness is Past*, 240.
Morris, Gouverneur — *Eulogy on Alexander Hamilton*, 50.
O'Connell, William H. (Archbishop) — *Patriotism*, 257.
Otis, James — *Writs of Assistance*, 13.
Phillips, Wendell — *Liberty throughout all the Land*, 147.
Prentiss, Sargent S. — *Aid for Ireland*, 99.
Red Jacket (Indian chief) — *In Defense of the Indian's Religion*, 53.
Reed, Thomas B. — *In Memory of Stephen Girard*, 232.
Roosevelt, Theodore — *American Motherhood*, 250; *The Problems of the Republic*, 252.
Schurz, Carl — *Eulogy on Charles Sumner*, 174.

Seward, William H. — *The Tyrant and the Patriot*, 106.
Sprague, Charles — *The Passing of the Indian*, 73.
Sumner, Charles — *Free Kansas*, 115.
Talmage, T. De Witt — *The Returning Legions*, 154.
Tecumseh (Indian chief) — *To Governor Harrison*, 55; *To General Proctor*, 62.
Warren, Joseph — *Standing Armies*, 15.
Washington, Booker T. — *Ever Present Opportunity*, 225.
Washington, George — *First Inaugural Address*, 37; *Farewell Address*, 40.
Watterson, Henry — *A Southern Tribute to Grant*, 223.
Webster, Daniel — *Prologue*, 11; *The Fiftieth Anniversary of Bunker Hill*, 69; *The War must go on*, 75; *Union*, 83.
Willard, Frances E. — *Humanity and God*, 218.
Wilson, Peter (Indian chief) — *The Empire State*, 101.
Winthrop, Robert C. — *The Stars and Stripes*, 145.

INDEX OF PRINCIPAL SUBJECTS

American Independence: Samuel Adams, 27; Cassius M. Clay, 93; Patrick Henry, 19; Henry Cabot Lodge, 246; James Otis, 13; Joseph Warren, 15; Daniel Webster, 69.

Civil War and Slavery: Charles Francis Adams, 167; Edward D. Baker, 143; Preston S. Brooks, 121; John Brown, 124; Anson Burlingame, 118; John C. Calhoun, 111; Cassius M. Clay, 86; Stephen A. Douglas, 127; Abraham Lincoln, 151, 156; John D. Long, 194; T. De Witt Talmage, 154; Henry Watterson, 223; Robert C. Winthrop, 145.

Colonial Times: W. C. P. Breckenridge, 214; George F. Hoar, 178; Henry Cabot Lodge, 246; James Otis, 13. (See also *Revolutionary War.*)

Constitution, The: Benjamin Franklin, 30; Alexander Hamilton, 33; George Washington, 37, 40.

Eulogies: On *James A. Garfield*, 191; *Stephen Girard*, 232; *Ulysses S. Grant*, 185, 200, 223; *Alexander Hamilton*, 50; *Abraham Lincoln*, 161, 164; *John Boyle O'Reilly*, 220; *William McKinley*, 237; *Charles Sumner*, 174; *George Washington*, 48, 64.

Expansion: George F. Hoar, 243; William McKinley, 240.

Flag, The American: Edward D. Baker, 143; Henry Ward Beecher, 159; Robert C. Winthrop, 145.

Great Britain and the United States: John Adams, 45; Samuel Adams, 27; Joseph Brant, 24; Henry Clay, 59; A New England Farmer, 57; Joseph Warren, 15. (See also *American Independence*, *Revolutionary War*, and *War of 1812.*)

Heroism in Peace and War: Charles W. Eliot, 229; Edward Everett, 79; W. H. P. Faunce, 254; George F. Hoar, 178; John D. Long, 194; Daniel Webster, 69.

Indian, The: Joseph Brant, 24; Logan, 18; Red Jacket, 53; Charles Sprague, 73; Tecumseh, 55, 62; Peter Wilson, 101.

MEXICO AND MEXICAN WAR: Thomas Corwin, 96.

NEGRO, THE: John Brown, 124; Stephen A. Douglas, 127; William Lloyd Garrison, 131; Wendell Phillips, 147. Booker T. Washington, 225. (See also *Slavery.*)

PATRIOTISM: John Quincy Adams, 103; Fisher Ames, 43; William J. Bryan, 235; Cassius M. Clay, 86, 93; Joseph Cook, 197; Chauncey M. Depew, 209; W. H. P. Faunce, 254; Benjamin Franklin, 30; Benjamin Harrison, 212; Patrick Henry, 19; Abraham Lincoln, 138; William J. O'Connell, 257; Wendell Phillips, 147; William Seward, 106; George Washington, 37, 40; Robert C. Winthrop, 145.

PEACE AND WAR: Rufus Choate, 88; Edward Everett, 79; W. H. P. Faunce, 254; George F. Hoar, 178; Abraham Lincoln, 156; Theodore Roosevelt, 252.

PERSONAL AND EULOGISTIC ADDRESSES: Henry Ward Beecher, 164; JAMES G. BLAINE, 191; Anson Burlingame, 118; Grover Cleveland, 237; Patrick A Collins, 220; Roscoe Conkling, 185; James A. Garfield, 188; Thomas Jefferson, 64; Henry Lee, 48; Gouverneur Morris, 50; Thomas B. Reed, 232; Carl Schurz, 174; Henry Watterson, 222.

PHILANTHROPY AND NATIONAL JUSTICE: Henry Clay, 67; Thomas Corwin, 96; George F. Hoar, 243; Sargent S. Prentiss, 99; Thomas B. Reed, 232; Frances E. Willard, 218.

RECONSTRUCTION: Henry W. Grady, 205; Ulysses S. Grant, 152; William J. Bryan, 235.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR, THE: John Adams, 45; Samuel Adams, 27; Edward Everett, 79; Henry Lee, 48; James Otis, 13; Joseph Warren, 15; Daniel Webster, 69, 75.

SELF-DEFENSE, IN: Preston S. Brooks, 121; John Brown, 124; Jefferson Davis, 134; Logan (Indian chief), 18; Tecumseh, 55.

SLAVERY: William Lloyd Garrison, 131; Wendell Phillips, 147; Charles Sumner, 115. (See also *Civil War and Slavery* and *Negro, The.*)

STATE'S RIGHTS: John C. Calhoun, 111; Jefferson Davis, 134; Daniel Webster, 83.

UNION OF THE STATES: John C. Calhoun, 111; Cassius M. Clay, 86; Jefferson Davis, 134; Stephen A. Douglas, 142; Abra-

ham Lincoln, 138, 156; Daniel Webster, 83; Robert C. Winthrop, 145. (See also *Civil War and Slavery.*)

War of 1812: Henry Clay, 59; A New England Farmer, 57; Tecumseh, 62.

Woman Suffrage: Susan B. Anthony, 171; Theodore Roosevelt, 250; Frances E. Willard, 218.

HISTORICAL READERS

By H. A. GUERBER

Story of the Thirteen Colonies	$0.65
Story of the Great Republic	.65
Story of the English	.65
Story of Old France	.65
Story of Modern France	.65
Story of the Chosen People	.60
Story of the Greeks	.60
Story of the Romans	.60

ALTHOUGH these popular books are intended primarily for supplementary reading, they will be found quite as valuable in adding life and interest to the formal study of history. Beginning with the fifth school year, they can be used with profit in any of the upper grammar grades.

¶ In these volumes the history of some of the world's peoples has taken the form of stories in which the principal events are centered about the lives of great men of all times. Throughout the attempt has been made to give in simple, forceful language an authentic account of famous deeds, and to present a stirring and lifelike picture of life and customs. Strictly military and political history have never been emphasized.

¶ No pains has been spared to interest boys and girls, to impart useful information, and to provide valuable lessons of patriotism, truthfulness, courage, patience, honesty, and industry, which will make them good men and women. Many incidents and anecdotes, not included in larger works, are interspersed among the stories, because they are so frequently used in art and literature that familiarity with them is indispensable. The illustrations are unusually good.

¶ The author's Myths of Greece and Rome, Myths of Northern Lands, and Legends of the Middle Ages, each, price $1.50, present a fascinating account of those wonderful legends and tales of mythology which should be known to everyone. Seventh and eighth year pupils will delight in them.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

JAMES OTIS'S COLONIAL SERIES

Calvert of Maryland
Mary of Plymouth
Peter of New Amsterdam
Richard of Jamestown
Ruth of Boston
Stephen of Philadelphia

Price, each, 35 cents. For years 3 - 5

DON'T you remember the "Toby Tyler" stories, which appeared some years ago in "Harper's Young People"? And don't you remember how impatiently boys and girls looked forward to the next issue merely because of those tales? Stories like those mean something to children and make an impression.

¶ Here are six new stories by the same author, James Otis, the first he has ever written for schools. They are just as fascinating as his earlier ones. They are stories and yet they are histories. Their viewpoint is entirely original, the story of each settlement being told by one of the children living in the colony. For this reason only such incidents as a child might notice, or learn by hearsay, are introduced—but all such incidents are, as far as possible, historical facts and together they present a delightfully graphic and comprehensive description of the daily life of the early colonists.

¶ The style in which the children tell the stories reads as charmingly as that of a fairy tale, and abounds in quaint humor and in wholesome, old-fashioned philosophy.

¶ Each book is profusely illustrated with pen and ink drawings that not only add to its artistic attractiveness, but will be found a genuine aid to the child's imagination in reproducing for him realistic glimpses into a home-life of long ago.

¶ There is no better way for your pupils to learn about the beginning of our country. The books are just as well suited to libraries and home use. Write us about them.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

STEPS TO ORATORY

$1.00

By F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK, late Principal of the New York School of Expression

IN this school speaker instruction in speaking is combined with illustrative selections for training in elocution, and for school exercises and exhibitions. Although intended primarily to meet every need on the part of the student, the work presents much suggestive material which is of unusual help to the teacher.

¶ The plan of treatment embodies the best pedagogical ideas on expression, and represents those methods of teaching which the author, an elocutionist of national reputation, has employed in his classes with such marvelous success. The use of this book can not fail to produce correct and effective speakers.

¶ Part First gives a sufficient outline of the technique to guide the student, and to enable him to speak correctly and forcibly. The comprehensive character of this part of the work may be evident in the following titles of the chapters: Attitudes of the Body, Logical Expression, The Melody of Emphasis, Inflection, The Eye and Face in Reading, Breathing, Vocal Power, Enunciation, Oratorical Delivery, Gesture, Descriptive Expression, Dramatic Expression, Dramatic Attitudes.

¶ Part Second consists entirely of selections from the best English and American literature, arranged as closely as practicable on an historical plan, and interspersed with examples of colloquial and humorous styles, the study of which will help to counteract the tendency toward a stilted and declamatory manner. Many of the selections refer to important and celebrated events in the history of our country, and will be found appropriate to our national anniversaries.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

CARPENTER'S READERS

By FRANK G. CARPENTER

GEOGRAPHICAL READERS

North America	$0.60	Africa	$0.60
South America	.60	Australia, Our Colonies, and Other Islands of the Sea	60
Europe	.70		
Asia	.60		

READERS ON COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

How the World is Fed	$0.60	How the World is Clothed	$0.60

CARPENTER'S Geographical Readers supplement the regular text-books on the subject, giving life and interest to the study. They are intensely absorbing, being written by the author on the spots described, and presenting an accurate pen-picture of places and peoples. The style is simple and easy, and throughout each volume there runs a strong personal note which makes the reader feel that he is actually seeing everything with his own eyes.

¶ The books give a good idea of the various peoples, their strange customs and ways of living, and to some extent of their economic condition. At the same time, there is included a graphic description of the curious animals, rare birds, wonderful physical features, natural resources, and great industries of each country. The illustrations for the most part are reproductions of photographs taken by the author. The maps show the route taken over each continent.

¶ The Readers on Commerce and Industry give a personal and living knowledge of the great world of commerce and industry. The children visit the great food centers and see for themselves how the chief food staples are produced and prepared for use, and they travel in the same way over the globe investigating the sources of their clothing. The journeys are along geographical lines, and while studying the industries the children are learning about localities, trade routes, and the other features of transportation and commerce.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

By EDWARD EGGLESTON

STORIES OF GREAT AMERICANS FOR LITTLE AMERICANS. $0.40

THIS book is eminently suited to second year pupils. Not only does it make learning to read an easy task, but it provides matter which is stimulating and enjoyable. By means of interesting personal anecdotes, the child is made familiar with the history of our country and some of its leading figures. Famous warriors and patriots, statesmen, discoverers, inventors, men of science and letters, find a place in these tales. Some of the stories should be known to every American, because they have become a kind of national folk-lore. The words are not too difficult, while the sentences and paragraphs are short.

STORIES OF AMERICAN LIFE AND ADVENTURE. $0.50

HERE are presented for third year pupils exciting stories which tell of the adventurous pioneer life of this country, and which show why the national character is distinguished by traits of quick-wittedness, humor, self-reliance, love of liberty, and democratic feeling. These historical anecdotes include stories of Indian life, of frontier peril and escape, of adventures with the pirates of Colonial times, of daring Revolutionary feats, of dangerous whaling voyages, of scientific explorations, and of personal encounters with savages and wild beasts. With them are intermingled sketches of the homes, the food and drink, the birds and animals, the schools, and the children's plays of other times.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

BROOKS'S READERS

By STRATTON D. BROOKS, Superintendent of Schools, Boston, Mass.

FIVE BOOK SERIES	
First Year	$0.25
Second Year	.35
Third Year	.40
Fourth and Fifth Years	.50
Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Years	.60

EIGHT BOOK SERIES	
First Year	$0.25
Second Year	.35
Third Year	.40
Fourth Year	.40
Fifth Year	.40
Sixth Year	.40
Seventh Year	.40
Eighth Year	.40

THESE readers form a good all-round basal series, suitable for use in any school; but they will appeal to teachers particularly, because of their very easy gradation. Both in thought and expression, the books are so carefully graded that each selection is but slightly more difficult than the preceding one, and there is no real gap anywhere.

¶ Although a wide variety of reading matter is provided, good literature, embodying child interests, has been considered of fundamental importance. Lessons of a similar nature are grouped together, and topics relating to kindred subjects recur somewhat regularly. All are designed to quicken the child's observation, and increase his appreciation.

¶ By the use of this series, the child will be taught to read in such a manner as will appeal to his interests, and at the same time he will be made acquainted with the masterpieces of many famous writers. He will gain a knowledge of many subjects, and acquire pure and attractive ideals of life and conduct. His imagination will be cultivated by pleasing tales of fancy, and he will also be taught a love of country, and given glimpses into the life of other lands.

¶ The books are very attractive in mechanical appearance, and contain a large number of original illustrations, besides reproductions of many celebrated paintings.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY